The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 151. Vol. XXVI. APRIL, 1904. Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 3
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 6
THE READER—
William Cowper. By Thomas Seccombe 7
The House of Seeley 13
NEW BOOKS—
The Atmosphere of Matthew Arnold. By G. K. Chesterton 17
Bonnie Prince Charlie. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 18
The Life of Robert Browning. By Dr. William Barry 19
The Late Sir Leslie Stephen's Ford Lectures 20
A. E. By A. Macdonell 22
Life in a Garrison Town. By Cecily Sidgwick 22
Laura Bridgman. By M. Beresford Ryley 23
Juniper Hall 24
Pa Gladden. By A. St. John Adcock 25
The Magnetic North 26
By the Author of "The Sheep-stealers" 26
NOVEL NOTES—
The Deliverance — Phœbe in Fetters—A Criminal Crœsus—Through Sorrow's Gates—The Money God—The Red Leaguers—Over the Border—The Triumph of Mrs. St. George—Strong Mac 27-29
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
The Life of Charles Grant—The Alien Immigrant—Children of the Tenements—The Orrery Papers—French Painting in the XVI. Century—The Poems of Christina Rossetti—The Psalms in Human Life 29-31
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 32
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 33

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers a special William Cowper number of The Bookman, we have to express our indebtedness to Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, Bucks, for assistance in obtaining the collection of pictures connected with the life and work of the poet. Mr. Wright kindly gave us permission to reproduce several illustrations from his works on Cowper, supplied a number of photographs taken by Mr. W. S. Wright, of Olney, and placed at our disposal the resources of the Cowper Museum. With regard to this latter Institution, it is interesting to learn that as many as a thousand names are registered yearly in the visitors' book.

The Cowper Society was founded in 1900, at the Centenary of the poet's death, and one of its objects is to encourage the publication of manuscripts and scarce works relating to Cowper and his circle. "Teedon's Diary" and "The Unpublished Poems of William Cowper," have already appeared under its auspices. A meeting is held every year on the 25th of April at some town associated with the poet—Olney, St. Albans, Huntingdon, etc. During the present month the Society will meet at Westminster School, when addresses are to be given by the Rev. G. F. W. Munby, Rector of Turvey; Mr. Thomas Wright, Principal of the Cowper School, and others.

Miss Ellen Glasgow,

Whose novel, "The Deliverance," issued on this side by Messrs. Constable and Co., is reviewed in our columns.

We have to thank Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., and Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., for permission to reproduce drawings from their illustrated editions of Cowper's Poems.

It is said that Mr. Anthony Hope has written a new novel, which shows a return to his earlier manner of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Heart of Princess Osra."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is leaving Capetown about the 13th or the 20th of the month, and will be in England again in the early part of May.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's novel, "Mr. Burden," which has been the serial in the *Independent Review*, will be published in book form in the early autumn by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. Max Pemberton has recently completed the MS. of a new novel which will run as a serial in the *Queen*, commencing in July next. It will be afterwards published in book form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The title of the late Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new volume of stories has now been altered to

Photo, Elliott and Fry. **Mr. Thomas Wright,**
Who has collected and arranged "The Correspondence of William Cowper," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in four handsome volumes.

"Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories." The book will be published on the 12th inst. It will be published simultaneously in America by Messrs. Charles Scribners Sons.

The last novel which Mr. Merriman wrote, which, strangely enough, is entitled "The Last Hope," will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

We understand that there is no prospect of Mr. Merriman's earlier novels, "Young Mistly," "Suspense," etc., etc., being reissued in this country.

Mr. Laurence Housman has completed a new novel which will be published in the coming autumn.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs has written, in collaboration with Mr. Louis Parker, a three-act play which will be produced in London very shortly.

Messrs. Methuen are, we hear, bringing out a uniform edition of the novels of Madame Albanesi which have been previously published. The edition will include "Love and Louisa," "The Blunder of an Innocent," and "Peter, a Parasite."

Mr. Stewart Edward White, whose novels, "The Blazed Trail" and "Conjuror's House," have enjoyed a great sale in the United States, and have achieved no small success in this country, has just completed a new novel of the Frozen North, entitled "The Silent Places," which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

"Matthew Arnold," by G. W. E. Russell, has made a very auspicious start for the new Literary Lives Series, a second edition being called for immediately upon publication. The next volume of the series, "Newman," by William Barry, will be issued immediately.

The American edition of Madame Albanesi's novel, "Susannah and One Other," has just been issued in New York by Messrs. S. S. McClure Co., who anticipate that the book will have at least as great a success there as it has had in this country.

On account of the exactions of the American copyright laws Mr. Maarten Maartens' new novel has been delayed for a short time. It will not now make its appearance until the late spring.

Mr. Storer Clouston's new novel will be published in the late spring by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

The MS. of Mr. Barry Pain's novel is now in the publisher's hands, and arrangements have been made for its issue in the autumn. This is the first serious novel that Mr. Pain has written, since one would hardly call "The Octave of Claudius" a serious novel.

Mr. Barry Pain's new collection of stories, "Deals," will be issued immediately by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We hear that the dramatisation of "A Gentleman of France," which had a very successful run in America about a year or so ago, is to be presented in London in one of the West End theatres at an early date.

Mr. Grant Richards has made arrangements with Mr. Rafael Sabatini to republish in book form his novel, "The Tavern Knight," now running serially in the *Sphere*.

Mr. Richard Bagot's new novel, "Love's Proxy," will be issued towards the end of the month by Mr. Edward Arnold. In America it will be issued simultaneously by Messrs. Longmans and Co., who, it will be remembered, were the American publishers of Mr. Bagot's last novel, "Donna Diana." Mr. Bagot, who has been in England for some little time, has now returned to Rome.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who has been in Sicily for the last month or two collecting material for her new book, is now on her way home *via* Munich and Leipzig.

We hear that arrangements have recently been made for the presentation in Denmark of a Danish translation of the dramatised version of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Rupert of Hentzau."

Dr. William Barry is preparing for publication a volume of his Essays which will be issued under the title, "Heralds of Revolt." This volume will describe,

and from a Christian point of view will appraise, the movement in modern literature which some have termed a second Renaissance.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen speaks in terms of highest praise of a new book, "The Way of the Sea," which will be issued shortly with a preface from his pen. The author is Mr. Norman Duncan, a Canadian, and the story deals with the rough, wild life of the Newfoundland fisher folk. In his Foreword Mr. Bullen says:—

"It was in the pages of *McClure's Magazine* that I first became acquainted with the work of Mr. Norman Duncan. I have not the slightest notion who or what he is; but I am absolutely certain that with the exception of Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, no writing about the sea has ever probed so deeply and so faithfully into its mysteries as his. The bitter brine, the unappeasable savagery of snarling sea and black-fanged rock bite into the soul, as acid eats into the engraver's plate, while one reads. But oh! the truth, the naked gaunt truth of it all. You feel the corroding salt eating into the cracked hands, the blistering cold gripping the marrow, the silent endurance of ills unspeakable; and all for what? Such reward as in itself would to our soft ideas seem far below the standard of comfort offered by the worst of our prisons. I know a little of that awful coast, and cannot think without a shudder of my brief experience. Yet when I read Mr. Duncan's 'Fruits of Toil,' the hot flush of shame rises for that I should for one moment consider that I had ever suffered at all."

In a recent interview, Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company of America, has some strong things to say of the new methods of book advertising in the United States. He admits that these methods have met with an astonishing degree of success, "especially where the novels exploited followed on the heels of really popular books, and especially also when these latter were imitated by the successors in question." But the only results finally attained have proved to be "an increase of expense on the part of the publishers for advertising, the filling of the columns of the dailies and weekly newspapers with inane and often offensive personalities about authors and their works, and a general weariness on the part of the reading public." Books which deserve to succeed, says Mr. Brett, eventually find their public, whether they are advertised or not, and he is firm in his belief that marked and vital human interest are, after all, the only qualities which can in the long run give a book a wide circulation.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 18TH, 1904.

With the advent of the spring season the demand should have quickened perceptibly during the past weeks, but no apparent advance can be recorded; in fact the reverse has been experienced, the month under review having proved a very trying time. No great amount of activity is usually expected at this period of the year, but allowing for this, trade has been abnormally slow.

Even the 6s. novel, which is of all classes the least affected by dull periods, has materially suffered, for although a goodly number of new issues have been forthcoming, the demand has left much to be desired. Amongst the most prominent of recent issues have been "The Magnetic North," "Strong Mac," "The Land of Silence," "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George," "The Cardinal's Pawn," and "Life in a Garrison Town." None of these have, however, attained to the popularity of several earlier issues, such as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Through Sorrow's Gates," and "My Friend Prospero," all of which have continued to be in request.

The Far East continues to prove attractive to many readers, and several of the volumes bearing more or less on the countries affected by the war have enjoyed a fair share of attention. Amongst the most attractive have been "Korea," by Angus Hamilton, and "Queer Things about Japan," by Douglas Sladen. Mention must also be made of the great success of a sixpenny edition of "A Japanese Marriage," by the latter author. "Japanese Physical Training," by Hancock, has continued to sell freely, and the sales in war maps have been constant, although owing to the large number now on the market the public favours have been more divided, and the single instances of large sales have not been so apparent.

Photo, Elliott and Fry. **Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins).**

A review of whose new book, "Phœbe in Fetters," appears in this number.

"Esau and St. Issey," by Joseph Hocking, has been a prominent item at 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "Behind the Footlights," Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years," and "Early Associations of Archbishop Temple," by F. J. Snell, have met with a considerable amount of success.

A popular edition of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" has appeared at 1s., and it would seem that this most noted of Helen Mathers' productions has still a considerable hold on the public, a large edition having been exhausted before publication.

"Sorrow, Sin, and Beauty," by R. C. Moberly, has sold freely.

The Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has figured so largely in the events of the month, has led to the successful issue of "The Story of the Bible Society," by William Canton.

Sixpenny reprints have increased somewhat in sale during the past month.

Amongst the serial issues, "Pictures from *Punch*" has figured prominently, and the sales of "Japan's Fight for Freedom" have been very large.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann.)
Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock.)
The Land of Silence. By G. B. Burgin. (Nash.)
The Cardinal's Pawn. By K. L. Montgomery. (Unwin.)
Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieut. Bilse. (Lane.)

The late Mr. P. G. Hamerton,
Formerly Editor of "The Portfolio."

Mr. F. Stanley Service,
One of the Directors of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.

Through Sorrow's Gates. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (Lane.)
Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Behind the Footlights. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)
The History of Twenty-five Years. 2 vols. By Sir S. Walpole. 24s. net. (Longmans.)
Korea. By Angus Hamilton. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Queer Things about Japan. By D. Sladen. 21s. net. (Treherne.)
Sorrow, Sin, and Beauty. By R. C. Moberly. 2s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Esau and St. Issey. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
Japanese Physical Training. By H. J. Hancock. 5s. net. (Putnam.)
The Keeper's Book. By various authors. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Morton.)
Comin' thro' the Rye. By Helen Mathers. 1s. and 2s. (Simpkin.)
The Story of the Bible Society. By W. Canton. 6s. (J. Murray.)
A Japanese Marriage. By D. Sladen. 6d. (Treherne.)
The Japs at Home. By D. Sladen. 6d. (Newnes.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending—
Feb. 20—Very quiet.
,, 27—Still depressed. Export brisker.
Mar. 5—Slight improvement in Home trade.
,, 12—A fairly good week.
,, 19—Slack in all departments.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

FEBRUARY 18TH TO MARCH 18TH, 1904.

Except in the direction of books on Japan, it must be held that the trade of the month was without any striking feature. The paucity of news from the seat of war affected adversely the demand for war maps, and as there were numerous publishing houses competing in this direction, many were even unable to get publicity for their publications.

In books on Japan, probably the most successful continued to be Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things about Japan," and the new work by Arthur Diosy, entitled

The late Mr. Robert Benton Seeley,
Who succeeded his father, Mr. Leonard Benton Seeley, in his publishing business.

"The New Far East," which promises to be of general interest and of permanent value.

Chiefly on account of the action of the German authorities in imprisoning its author, much attention was directed to Lieutenant Bilse's "Life in a Garrison Town," and many thousands were readily sold.

The new and revised edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of Queen Victoria" was the prominent biographical work of the month, and it was gratifying to notice that Hutchinson's Library of Standard Biographies maintained its popularity as each new volume was issued.

Although somewhat early in the season, Hodgson's "Book on Trout Fishing," issued by A. and C. Black, obtained purchasers, and "The Keeper's Book," by Walker and Mackie, which has now entered a second edition, continued to sell freely in country districts.

An authoritative work on the game of "Bridge," by "Badsworth," was readily stocked by the trade as sure to be of interest to all new players.

Fully one dozen six-shilling novels, issued during the past few weeks, attracted the attention of the libraries. Of these the following were prominent: "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George," by Percy White; "Elizabeth in Rügen;" "Pa Gladden," by E. Cherry Waltz; "Strong Mac," by S. R. Crockett; "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland; "The Man from Downing Street," by W. Le Queux; "Red Morn," by Max Pemberton; "A Magdalen's Husband," by Vincent Brown; "Through Sorrow's Gates," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and "The Interloper," by Violet Jacob.

A new series of well-known novels, issued by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, after the style of the famous Tauchnitz editions, attracted considerable notice, and six volumes on good paper, well printed, came to hand simultaneously. The three one shilling reprints, entitled "Lovely Woman," "The One Before," and "The Egregious English," published by Mr. Grant Richards, gained immediate popularity, and a cheap edition of Mrs. Bishop's "Among the Tibetans," at the same price, was readily sold as of opportune interest.

Many sixpenny reprints of popular works of more than usual merit formed the business of the month. Of these the following were specially noticeable: "The Japs at Home," by Douglas Sladen; "A Japanese Marriage," by the same author; "Countess Londa," by Guy Boothby; "Walter's Word," by James Payn; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland; "McGlusky," by A. G. Hales; "A Woman of Wiles," by A. Munro; Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," by Mrs. Henry Wood; and "Red Pottage," by M. Cholmondeley.

Considering the time of the year magazines sold well. *Chambers' Journal*, the *Royal*, and the second number of the *Rapid Review* sold freely.

Our list of best selling books of the month is as follows:—

Six Shilling Novels.

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (Lane.)
The Man from Downing Street. By W. Le Queux. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Through Sorrow's Gates. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
Pa Gladden. By E. Cherry Waltz. (Hodder.)
Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock.)
Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
A Magdalen's Husband. By Vincent Brown. (Duckworth.)
Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.)
The Triumph of Mrs. St. George. By Percy White. (Nash.)
The Interloper. By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)

Miscellaneous.

Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieut. Bilse. 6s. (Lane.)
Japanese Physical Training. 5s. net. (Putnam).
Life of Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
"Badsworth" on Bridge. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)
Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
The New Far East. By A. Diosy. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Queer Things about Japan. By Douglas Sladen. 21s. net. (Treherne.)
The Keeper's Book. By Walker and Mackie. 3s. 6d. net. (Morton.)
In Relief of Doubt. By R. E. Welsh. 6d. (Allenson.)

Mr. Richmond Seeley,
One of the Directors of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.

The Booksellers' Diary.

APRIL 6—MAY 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

April 6th.

GARDNER, GEORGE.—Rabbit-Keeping for Pleasure and Profit, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
ALCOTT, L. M.—Little Women and Good Wives, 2s. (Pearson)
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—Social Life under the Stuarts, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
SANTOS-DUMONT, ALBERTO.—My Airships: The Story of My Life, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR.—The Amazing Verdict, 6s. (Grant Richards)
GOLDIE, BERYL.—Marian Voyne; or, The Great Lie, 6s. (Grant Richards)
WILSON, PATTEN (Illustrator).—Joseph and His Brethren. Sunday Dumpy Books, II. 1s. 6d..... (Grant Richards)
BUCKLE, THOMAS.—History of Civilization. Vol. III. World's Classics. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
BUCKLE, THOMAS.—The Wealth of Nations. Vol. I. 1s. 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)

April 7th

STEVENS, WILLIAM.—The Slave in History, 6s. (Religious Tract Society)
FORSYTH, R. C.—The China Martyrs of 1900, 7s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
MATTHEWS, REV. T. T.—Thirty Years in Madagascar, 6s. (Religious Tract Society)
ISAACSON, REV. C. S., M.A.—Roads to Christ, 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
SAYCE, A. H., D.D., LL.D.—Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies, 2s. ..... (Religious Tract Society)
LECHLER, PROF., D.D.—John Wycliffe (New Edition), 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
HAYCRAFT, M. S., and Others.—Those Merry Bells, 1s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
CAIRNS, REV. PRIN., D.D.—Christ and Christian Faith, 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
TYTLER, SARAH.—The Poet and His Guardian Angel, 6s. (Chatto)

April 11th.

STRACHEY, J. ST. LOE (Introduction and Notes).—Best Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SHUDDICK, R.—How to Arrange with your Creditors, 1s. net (Fisher Unwin)
COX, HAROLD (Editor).—British Industries. Second Edition (Fisher Unwin)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Misrule of Three. Third Edition. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

April 13th.

RATTRAY, M. G.—Cold Meat, and How to Disguise It, 1s. (Pearson)
MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—The Conscience of Coralie (New Edition), 6d. ..... (Pearson)

April 14th.

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Made of Money, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Under Suspicion, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SICHEL, W.—Beaconsfield (Little Biographies), 3s. 6d. and 4s. net (Methuen)
WILBERFORCE, WILFRED.—Velasquez (Little Books on Art), 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
HUTTON, EDWARD (Editor).—Vaughan's Poems, 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
COX, J. CHARLES.—Hampshire (Little Guides), 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE (W. J. Craig, Editor).—All's Well that Ends Well. A Winter Tale. 2 Vols. Little 4to. 1s. net ... (Methuen)
MORRISON, ARTHUR.—The Hole in the Wall, 6d. ... (Methuen)
CLARE, AUSTIN.—Randal of Randalholme, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
ANDREWS, E. BENJ.—The United States in Our Own Time, 16s. net ..... (Chatto)
READE, CHARLES.—Put Yourself in His Place (Cheap Edition), 6d. ..... (Chatto)

April 15th.

Pearson's Home Management. Part V. 7d. net ..... (Pearson)
BURGESS, GELETT, AND WILL IRWIN.—The Picaroons, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)

April 18th.

BRIGHTWEN, MRS.—Quiet Hours With Nature, 5s. (Fisher Unwin)
DAVIDSON, A. M. CAMPBELL.—Present-Day Japan, 21s. (Fisher Unwin)
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Nyria, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
DAVENPORT, ARTHUR.—Opium and Missionaries in China, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

April 20th.

NEIL, C. LANG.—Modern Physical Culture, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
SAYLE, CHARLES (Editor).—Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
BLYTH, JAMES.—Celibate Sarah, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
DAWSON, REV. JOSEPH.—John Wesley on Preaching, 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
GRANT, JAMES.—The Captain of the Guard. Boys' Classics. Vol. I. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
MARRYATT, CAPT.—Mr. Midshipman Easy. Boys' Classics. Vol. II. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
GIBBON, EDWARD.—Roman Empire. Vol. IV. World's Classics. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.—Poetical Works. World's Classics. Vol. II. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)

April 21st.

WILLIAMSON, MRS. C. N.—The Sea Could Tell, 6s. (Methuen)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—The New Forest, 21s. net (Methuen)
DAWSON, A. J.—Things Seen in Morocco, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
ATKINSON, T. D.—English Architecture, 3s. 6d. net ... (Methuen)
WHYTE, ADAM G.—The Electrical Industry (Books on Business), 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
By Himself.—Life of Lord Herbert of Cherburg, 2s. net ... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEX. Pauline, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
JOHNSTON, R.—The Peril of an Empire, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

April 25th.

Foreign Resident, A.—Society in the New Reign, 16s. (Fisher Unwin)
PHILPOT, HUGH B.—London at School, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
REID, FORREST.—Kingdom of Twilight, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

April 26th.

MENPES, MORTIMER.—Whistler as I Knew Him, 40s. (A. and C. Black)

April 27th.

WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Sir George Tressady (New Edition), 6d. ..... (Pearson)
Pearson's Home Management. Part VI. 7d. net ..... (Pearson)

April 28th.

MITFORD, BERTRAM.—In the Wheel of the Rising, 6s. (Methuen)
BROOKE, A. S., M.A.—Slingsby and Slingsby Castle, 5s. net (Methuen)
PRIMROSE, DEBORAH.—A Modern Boeotia, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
CARLYLE, THOMAS (Edited by C. H. Firth).—Cromwell's Letters. 3 Vols. Notes and Appendices by Mrs. S. C. Lomas. 18s. net ..... (Methuen)
GRUBB, H. C.—Builders' Quantities ..... (Methuen)
GREGORY, MISS E. C.—Heavenly Wisdom (Lib. of Devotion), 2s. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Wrong Side Out, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

May 2nd.

DAVIES, MARY.—The Housewife's What's What, 6s. net (Fisher Unwin)
MAHAFFY, J. P., D.D. (Editor).—The Particular Book of Trinity College, Dublin, 21s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HARDY, REV. E. J.—How to be Happy Though Married, 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.—Liza of Lambeth, 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
PAYNE, C. C.—Romance of a Lonely Woman, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

May 5th.

MACKIE, PAULINE BRADFORD.—The Voice in the Desert, 6s. (Methuen)
PARKINSON, JOHN.—Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terristris; or, A Garden of All Sorts of Pleasant Flowers, 30s. net (20 Copies, Jap. Vellum, £10 10s. net) ..... (Methuen)
SURTEES, R. S.—Ask Mamma (Illustrated Pocket Library), 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

Books to be published during April, dates not fixed.

SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—The Sovereign Power, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON.—Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
PARRY, HIS HONOUR JUDGE E. A.—England's Elizabeth, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
GIFFORD, EVELYN H.—Provenzano the Proud, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Glencairly Castle, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HORNE, JOHN.—Starting Points: For Speakers, Preachers, Writers, and Other Thinkers, 2s. 6d. net (Oliphant Anderson)
FLEMING, D. HAY, LL.D.—The Story of the Scottish Covenants, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Oliphant Anderson)
MORRISON, GEORGE H., M.A.—St. Columba: His Life and Times (New, Enlarged Edition), 1s. net (Oliphant Anderson)
SUTHERLAND, RHONA.—Sandy's Foundling, 1s. net (Oliphant Anderson)
STATHAM, COM. E. P., R.N.—The Story of the *Britannia* Training Ship, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
BURTON, W.—English Earthenware and Stoneware, 30s. net (Cassell)
TRAILL, H. D., AND G. S. MANN, M.A. (Editors).—Social England. Vol. V. 14s. net ..... (Cassell)
HILL, HEADON.—The Kiss of the Enemy, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
YEO, J. BURNEY, M.D.—The Therapeutics of Mineral Springs and Climates, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)

Exemplar Eng. Co.

The Reader.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

By Thomas Seccombe.

WILLIAM COWPER, divinest of letter writers and greatest master of English verse between the death of Pope and the rise of the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, was born at Great Berkhamsted on 26th November, 1731. He was the son of the rector of that place, a chaplain of George II., and nephew of the distinguished Lord Chancellor, Earl Cowper. His mother † was one of the Donnes of Ludham in Norfolk. A portrait of her was given him by one of her relatives, Mrs. Bodham, in February, 1790, whereupon he wrote that famous piece, "On receipt of my mother's picture," one of the best revelations of childish nature extant and most touching of elegies. With tears he wrote it, and without tears few can read it. He was bullied at a local school, and the story is current that he knew his particular tyrant better by his shoebuckles than by any other part of his dress. A true touch of nature this! At ten he was placed at Westminster and was much happier, with Vinny Bourne (delight in whose Latin verses forms a link between Cowper and Lamb) as his usher, and Warren Hastings, Cumberland, Churchill, Lloyd, Bentley, and Colman among his schoolfellows. With some of these, Bonnell Thornton and one or two others, he afterwards became a member of such a phrase-capping coterie as Benedick might have called "a college of wit-crackers." They styled it "The Nonsense Club," and in the course of its transactions we may be sure that Cowper acquired not a little of that dexterity in refractory rhyming which became so distinctive of his work. He left school in 1748, and went to reside as an articled pupil with a London solicitor, his fellow-clerk being Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor. During the next four years, apart from a few meagre essays for the magazines, a little verse translation, and a little rhyming correspondence, he did practically *nothing;* he was in a chronic state of idleness, indigestion, and intense restlessness, which prevented him from any steady application, though he read over and over again his favourite Latin and Greek authors, and enlarged his acquaintance among the English poets. In 1753 occurred a crisis of melancholia, during the intensity of which his one solace was George Herbert. He was cured by a change of scene and the lively society of his cousin Harriet, afterwards Lady Hesketh. In June, 1754, he was called to the bar. He continued to reside in the Inner Temple, where he bought rooms in 1759, but he had no intention of practising, and resigned himself wholly to the amusements of literature and the lighter frivolities of a cultivated man about town. He was disappointed in an attachment which he had formed for Harriet's younger sister Theodora (the "Thea" about whom he wrote nineteen posies of verse), his uncle, Ashley Cowper, refusing to sanction the marriage of the cousins; but he took the blow very calmly, and went on dissipating his small patrimony, leading an idle and agreeable life, and persistently ignoring the desirability of settling down or earning a living. These twelve irresponsible years must evidently have been of the greatest importance in the formation of Cowper's poetical character. In the summer of 1762, when he had broken into his last hundred pounds, he first began to feel really nervous about his worldly prospects. His influential relatives were at length alive to the necessity of making some provision for him at the public expense, and they succeeded in getting him a nomination to the post of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords; but the ordeal of qualifying by public examination proved more than his diffident spirit could stand, and he became for a season absolutely demented. After futile attempts at suicide, the sequel of a return in redoubled force of morbid images to his mind, he was placed under the care of the sympathetic Dr. Cotton

The Rectory House, Berkhamsted,

Where Cowper was born, November 26th, 1731.

"At the old 'Pastoral House,' as he lovingly calls it, William Cowper spent the happy days of his early childhood, becoming attached to every tree, gate, and stile in the neighbourhood, preferring his own house to a palace, and supposing as a matter of course that he and his father and mother were going to live in it always. Cowper ever retained a very vivid recollection of these early days at Berkhamsted."—Thomas Wright's "Life of William Cowper."

† His mother died when he was six, his father in July, 1756, and his stepmother just six years later.

* "The Correspondence of William Cowper." Arranged in chronological order, with annotations. By Thomas Wright. In 4 volumes. £3 3s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Cowper's Mother.

From a Painting by Hiens.

"'Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails—else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.'"
—On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

at a private asylum at St. Albans, whence he emerged after eighteen months' sojourn in June, 1765, for the time at least, completely cured. The conscientious

From a Portrait in the Cowper Museum at Olney.

Cowper's Father.

resignation of a small post * which he still held left him almost penniless, but his relatives clubbed together and provided him with an allowance. His recovery was accompanied by a profound conviction of the solemnity of religion, and of the healing power of Christ; while a conviction of past errors led him to break entirely with his former life. His younger brother, John Cowper, Fellow of Corpus, Cambridge, whom he dearly loved, settled him in rooms at Huntingdon; he was manifestly one of life's failures, destined to rust and fret the remainder of his days away in absolute futility. So it was assumed, no doubt, by Thurlow and other of his noisy associates among the Old Westminsters. Let us see the event.

At Huntingdon he made the acquaintance of a clergyman and ex-schoolmaster who took pupils in the town, the Rev. Morley Unwin, his wife Mary, and his son and daughter. From the first they treated him as a dear relative, and he was so fascinated by their society, especially that of Mrs. Unwin and her son William, that he became, after a brief interval of experience in lodgings, a regular inmate of their house, to the expenses of which he contributed at a modest rate. In July, 1767, Morley Unwin met with his death from a horse accident, and Mrs. Unwin and Cowper (to whom her demeanour had come to be that of a mother towards her son) decided to leave Huntingdon for some place where they would be under an evangelical minister of the gospel. Whilst undecided where to go, a visitor arrived in the person of Rev. John Newton, a famous evangelical preacher. Greatly impressed by his goodness, they decided to go and live in his immediate neighbourhood at Olney in Buckinghamshire (September, 1767).

Cowper's history as a poet commences at Olney, but not until some thirteen years elapsed and he was close upon fifty. The death of his brother brought on a very serious recurrence of his malady in 1773. He was overwhelmed by a melancholy of the deepest dye, and imagined that his friends were in a conspiracy against him, and that the avenger of blood was pursuing him. As in the case of Bunyan and the early Puritans, his terror, tinged by religious mania, made him think that he was eternally damned. Nor did he ever completely purge himself of the delusion that some mysterious causes had made him the object of the irrevocable hatred of his Creator. Recovery in this instance was protracted and tedious; but for the maternal care of Mrs. Unwin, whom Cowper for a brief instant in 1772 had contemplated marrying, his malady might have proved fatal to him. Religious preoccupation was the one thing necessary for him to avoid. What he wanted was light amusing occupation of a not too absorbing kind. For three years his faculties were unequal to the production of an ordinary letter, but in May, 1776, he managed to resume his correspondence with "Joe" Hill, who regulated his pecuniary affairs for him. Previous to this he had amused himself with drawing, glazing, gardening, taming leverets, and making wooden

* That of a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

boxes and bird cages. Now his correspondence engaged more and more of his attention, and gradually induced a happier and more active frame of mind. In his letters addressed mainly to Newton, Hill, William Unwin, his cousin Lady Hesketh, Samuel Teedon, schoolmaster at Olney, the smoke-inhaling "Taureau" (Bull), "Couleur de [Samuel] Rose," and later to his bookseller and to Hayley, he avoids the deep wounds which religious gloom had inflicted and reveals himself again, rather on the bright, clever, affectionate, and merry side.

He wrote letters, and later on verse, for the same reason that he painted or planed, namely, to occupy himself and distract his mind. He begged his correspondents to burn his letters, and had no idea of their being carefully preserved. This is one of the reasons of their charm. His letters were not and have not the air of being deliberately composed for "circulation"; yet in point of fact they are as elegant and classic as the most finished compositions. His humour, like his style, is spontaneous and delightful, and imparts a flavour to an infinity of trifles which in themselves would have been insipid. He never exaggerates for the sake of effect. Every word bears the impress of truth. Conciseness, naturally, is of no moment with him, nor does he deal much in opinions and criticisms. He confines himself mainly to the little incidents and feelings of the hour, and these he tells with a charm and distinctness unequalled in any other familiar correspondence. Apart from religion he is fondest perhaps of writing about the country and his diversions, his friends and his pets. Occasionally he shows himself an admirable critic; and he loves to enliven a friend with a *jeu d'esprit* in verse. His letters have not the vivacity and the sparkle of those of Walpole, Byron, and Lady Mary; they are not the deliberate efforts of facetious humour or elaborate description; nor have they the bookish humour of such scholarly wits or erudite hermits as Lamb, or Southey, or Gray, or Fitz-Gerald. Cowper had left books and the world fully a dozen years behind him when he became a confirmed correspondent. His is not one of those epistolary craft which go careening down the tideway of human nature under full press of sail; it resembles rather some frail canoe the occupant of which does not so much as attempt to get into a strong current or to approach midstream, but on the other hand utilises to the full his power of exploring every indentation the bank, and every creek, backwater, and inlet to which the small draught of his keel gives him such a unique power of approach. The charm of his Letters is not derivative from or dependent upon their subject matter. Their essence is more original and more creative. They present to us, with a vividness to

William Cowper.

From the Painting by Lemuel Abbot, 1792.

"Abbot is painting me so true
That (trust me) you would stare,
And hardly know, at the first view,
If I were here or there."
—Letter to Wm. Hayley.

"My portrait is nearly finished, an excellent one in my mind, and in the opinion of all who see it, both for drawing and likeness. It will be completed, I believe, on Monday. . . . . I think it will afford you as much pleasure, nay, perhaps, even more than a sight of the original myself; for you will see it with this thought in your mind, that whether I live or die, while this picture subsists, my charming lineaments and proportions can never be forgotten."—Letter to Lady Hesketh, July 21st, 1792.

Rischgitz Collection.

which the divine chit-chat of Madame de Sévigné alone can approach, the mind of the writer in his every-day dress, environed by the trivial accidents of every-day life, and it is for this reason that while recognising their inferiority as sources of entertainment to the letters of Walpole, Byron, or Lamb, we are emboldened to describe their author as the foremost of English letter-writers.

There seems a special providence this new century in regard to editions of English Letters, for although it cannot be said that they have been neglected in the past, enthusiastic editors have sprung up in all directions this last year or so, and have begun with one accord to throw the editorial care bestowed upon every other kind of English classic completely into the shade. Johnson's, Chesterfield's, and Hume's Letters have thus been edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill and others, Howell's by Jacobs, Swift's Letters by Aitken and Ryland, Byron's Letters by Prothero, FitzGerald's by Aldis Wright, Gray's by Tovey, Walpole's by Mrs. Toynbee, and Lamb's by Lucas and Macdonald. Lady Mary's Letters and Pope's have already been well edited; Sir Henry Wotton's are being done, so that as far as we can see, Robert Southey is the only letter-writer of any rank who is not immediately provided for, and that he will long be left out in the cold is in the present state of competition among letter-editors totally inconceivable.

Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of the Cowper Letters is certainly one of the very best efforts at epistolary editing that has hitherto come under our notice. To compare the new edition of Cowper for a moment with the new Oxford edition of Walpole. The latter contains over 3,000 letters, 111 new. The new edition of Cowper has 1,041 letters, of which 105 are wholly new, in addition to 132 which are now printed complete for the first time. This will enable us to verify Mr. Wright's ingenuous remark in regard to his sporting quest of new letters, "I have been very successful." As a matter of fact he has been eminently successful by no means

From an old Drawing. **The Shiel Hall (Teedon's School) and Round House.**

"In the middle of the Market-place stood three fine elms, which overshadowed a curious old two-storeyed stone building called the Shiel Hall. At the end facing north was a double flight of steps leading to the upper room, which answered for Olney the purpose of a town hall, and in which Samuel Teedon, the eccentric schoolmaster who had so much influence over Cowper, taught his pupils."

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "The Town of Cowper," by kind permission of the author.)

in this respect alone. There comes a time when, upon the appearance of an old favourite or standard work in a new form, one looks first and not least anxiously at the size and shape of the type. Sometimes this is so very ancient that it seeks to outvie MS. in the blackness and truculence of the letters; at other times it is so modern that the shapes of even the vowels are teasingly unfamiliar. Great, then, will be the joy of the typographical epicure who comes across this good, large, plain, and eminently sensible type. A point in which Mr. Wright is no less thoughtful and compassionate is his merciful abstention from what so many annotators of these latter days seem to regard as the very acme of editorial virtue, the practice, namely, of epitomising the whole contents of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in foot-notes, or worse still, in appendixes and end notes. The editor of the twentieth century ought emphatically to invent some symbol to signify to the reader, See D.N.B. art. *s.v.* (or take it as read, whichever you please), and go on your way rejoicing. Mr. Wright skilfully interpolates what guidance is really

High Street, Olney.

"Olney, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, situated in the north of Buckinghamshire, owes its fame chiefly to the connection with it of Cowper and Newton; and its intimate associations with the great religious revival of the eighteenth century, and the influx of pilgrims on that account, have caused it to be called 'The Evangelical Mecca.' The house at Olney in which Cowper resided for nineteen years was, on April 25, 1900, the centenary of Cowper's death, presented to the town and the nation by Mr. W. H. Collingridge."—"The Correspondence of William Cowper," arranged by Thomas Wright.

From an Etching in the time of Cowper, showing the imitation battlements.

"Orchard Side," Cowper's House at Olney.

"When you first contemplated the front of our abode, you were shocked. In your eyes it had the appearance of a prison, and you sighed at the thought that your mother dwelt in it. Your view of it was not only just, but prophetic. It had not only the aspect of a place built for the purpose of incarceration, but has actually served that purpose through a long, long period, and we have been the prisoners."—Letter to the Rev. W. Unwin, July 3, 1786.

his subject. His familiarity with the thousand odd letters is so complete that he has pet names for not a few of them. The "Kissing candidate" letter, for instance, the "Runaway hare" letter, or the "Hop-o'-my-thumb." Grateful indeed is the reader who, turning to a favourite letter, finds more of it (and this is often the case) than there was in Southey. As to Southey's predecessors, Hayley and Grimshawe, the present editor is perfectly justified in treating them with a good-natured contempt. He has earned the enthusiast's best reward in that his name ("Cowper's Letters: ed. Wright") will always by future students be linked with that of Cowper, "greatest" (*teste* Wright) of all English Letter Writers.

From his letters and his horticultural diversions Cowper gradually betook himself to verse. The volume of *Poems* which Johnson published for him in 1782 contained eight rhetorical and didactic pieces in which the method of Pope's "Essay on Man" is applied to a scheme of philosophy and reflection which seldom soars above the trite and the commonplace. Their charm lies in the felicitous phrasing and in the happy turns of fancy with which he recreated himself in the midst of his moralisings. Many of the numerous quillets have become semi-proverbial:

> "Vociferated logic kills me quite,
> A noisy man is always in the right;
> I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
> Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
> And when I hope his blunders are all out
> Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt."

In the summer of 1781 Lady Austen was staying with her sister Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman near Olney. The poet was on visiting terms with the Jones's, and chancing to see Lady Austen in their

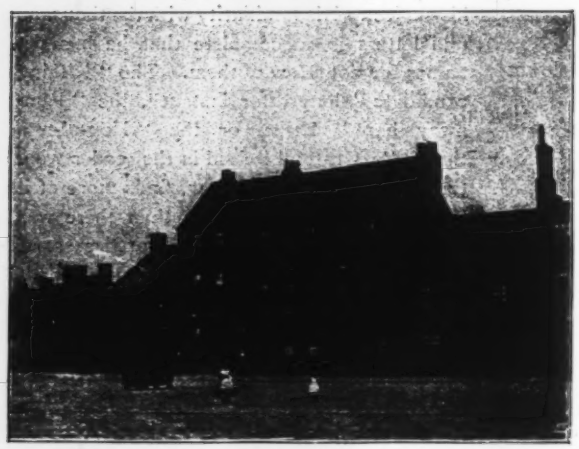
needed into paragraphs between the letters—paragraphs which are never overdone, yet never fail to supply the necessary clue; apart from which, at the beginning of the first volume, he gives us a concise annotated list of Cowper's correspondents (why Lady Austen and Joseph Johnson, bookseller, should be omitted from this list we are at a loss to determine). By these simple means the number of footnotes is very sensibly reduced, and with it the amount of small print and much diffused misery. The letters are given in chronological order; 400 have been collated with originals, and those mutilated restored. They are not numbered in the text, but are grouped in sections according to the place of superscription. Temple, Huntingdon, Olney (Vol. I.), Olney (II.), Olney and Weston (III.), Weston, Eartham, Norfolk (IV.). At the end a complete list is given with numbers, names of correspondents, first words, and *provenance*, a most useful table, in addition to an Index. There are no portraits, but maps and plans of Olney and Weston. We admit we should have liked portraits of Cowper and his friends. Like Hare, he had many friends, and they were of the best. Like Swift (whom he resembled in rhyming to exorcise melancholy) he had his Varina, his Stella, and his Vanessa. And in his old age he had the good luck to find a Lady Hesketh. Five at least of the sterner sex alone were so staunch that any one of them would have hesitated at nothing to do him a service.

Otherwise, as far as the external production is concerned, the present edition seems to us a perfect model. In regard to the editing, time alone can test all the joints of such a book, but we know at least that Mr. Wright is absolutely master of

The Vicarage, Olney.

Olney Vicarage was the residence of the Rev. John Newton, Cowper's friend and companion.

"At the time Cowper and Mrs. Unwin reached Olney the vicarage was being enlarged and almost rebuilt by Lord Dartmouth, and it was not finished until October 23rd, on which day Newton removed thither, his new friends accompanying him. Instead of 'one of the most inconvenient,' Newton now found the Vicarage 'one of the best and most commodious houses in the country.' Cowper described it as 'a stone building, well sashed, but much too good for the living.'" Thomas Wright's "Life of William Cowper."



Cowper's House, Olney.

The poet resided from 1767 to 1786 in the western portion of the tall red brick building called "Orchard Side." The eastern portion, "Dick Coleman's House," was tenanted by Cowper's protégé, "Dick Coleman, his wife, child, and a thousand rats."

"The solitude, or rather the duality of our condition at Olney, seems drawing to a conclusion. You have not forgot, perhaps, that the building we inhabit consists of two mansions. And because you have only seen the inside of that part of it which is in our occupation, I therefore inform you that the other end of it is by far the most superb, as well as the most commodious."—Letter to the Rev. William Unwin, August 25th, 1781.

company when he was looking out of his window, he was so struck with her appearance that he sent Mrs. Unwin to invite the party to tea. His first impression was confirmed. He was perfectly charmed with "Sister Anne," as he soon began to call this new acquaintance. Lady Austen was an especial admirer of blank verse. Cowper shared her sentiment, and promised to write something in it if she would furnish

Olney Church.

Olney Church is chiefly known as the sanctuary wherein Newton and Scott preached and Cowper worshipped. The church has been immortalised by the poet in "The Task."

"Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

—"Task," Bk. I.

the subject. "Oh, you can never be in want of a subject," said Lady Austen, "you can write upon anything: write upon this sofa." This was in the summer of 1783, and fifteen months later "The Task" was in the hands of the printer. It was published in 1785 along with "Tirocinium" (a poem in rhyming decasyllabics on the dangers and abuses of public schools), and proved immediately successful. In his first volume of poems Cowper had made his confession of faith; in "The Task," commencing with mock-heroics upon the set theme of the sofa, he was led on to depict and diversify with frequent illustrations the full round and tenor of his everyday life at Olney, and "the thoughts of a tender, tranquil, contemplative mind which sympathises with everything that is good, lovely, wise, and merciful." The didactic framework is subordinate to the picture—an almost unrivalled series of landscapes, earth-moods, and interiors. The beauties of these are of the tranquil and not the exciting kind, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship is easily overlooked by hasty eyes. As with other works of consummate excellence, the impression of the greatness of this increases with prolonged acquaintance.

With the completion of "The Task" the poet found his stock of original experience exhausted, but he was drawn by a happy inspiration to undertake a blank verse translation of Homer, the elaboration and revision of which proved the solace and distraction of his later years down to 1791, when it was published. In the same year Mrs. Unwin's health began to decline, and his own dejection tended more and more to become chronic. Yet in flashes, lighting up this deplorable gloom, apart from letters that carry with them all the old charm, he produced some exquisite poems, among them the tender, incomparable lament "To Mary" and "Yardley Oak," a poem with passages of almost Miltonic grandeur and phraseological and metrical skill. In 1793, when Lady Hesketh paid her annual visit to Weston Lodge, she found Mrs. Unwin relapsing into second childhood, and Cowper a despairing prisoner by her bedside. By the spring of 1794 he was living on sopped toast, and refusing to open his letters, though one of these contained the offer of a crown pension of £300.

In 1795 the sufferers were removed to the Norfolk coast; Mary Unwin died at East Dereham on 17th December, 1796. During the winter of 1797-8 Cowper was beguiled into revising his Homer; this was completed on 8th March, and a few days later he wrote "The Castaway," his final effort, and one of the most powerful, at original composition. The comparison of himself to a swimmer solitary in storm-swept ocean expresses with terrible force the last phase of his unutterable despair.

"England's sweetest and most pious bard" (as East Dereham's other celebrity, George Borrow, called him), Cowper passed away in that small township on 25th April, 1800.

"secus ac Cowperus, flebilis iste,
Orco quem ante diem bilis acerba dedit."

He was buried by the side of Mrs. Unwin in what is now known as the Cowper Chapel in East Dereham

Church. His intellect had been more or less completely unhinged since 1763, and from the time of his association with Newton he had found a congenial expression for the tortures of his soul in the imagery provided by the sternest of Christian sects.

Unrivalled as a letter-writer, Cowper is, perhaps, the greatest of our secondary poets. The ungovernable impulse and imaginative passion of the great masters of poesy it would be scarcely reasonable to claim for him. His motives to express himself in verse came almost exclusively from the outside. The greater part of his poetry is, strictly speaking, of the occasional order; it is occupied with the hemisphere of things known, which it describes with an insight and technical skill that have not been surpassed, but it reveals little or nothing of those things that are hidden in the mysterious shade of the underworld from any vision less piercing than that of the great imaginative artist. In Literary History Cowper's importance is more than secondary. As a Nature poet he makes a link between Thomson and Wordsworth. As a humanitarian, the "coddled poet" of Byron appears anything but timid, and George Eliot contrasts his human Calvinism with that of "otherworldly" Edward Young, much to the disadvantage of Young. As an emancipator of English verse from "poetic diction," he deserves much of the credit often given to the Lyrical Balladists. He had the true poet's mastery of and originality in the use of vocabulary; while as an occasional verse maker he forms an island between Prior and Praed (no less than thirteen of his pieces are in the "Lyra Elegantiarum"). In all the arts that raise the best occasional poetry to the level of greatness, Cowper is supreme; in phrase moulding, verbal gymnastic and prosodical marquetry he has scarcely a rival, and the fruits of his poetic industry are enshrined in the filigree of a most delicate fancy and a highly cultivated intelligence, purified and thrice refined in the fire. His lucidity has the peculiar quality of a great faculty the expression of which is concentrated into an interval. In many of his shorter poems the artistic simplicity is indistinguishable from the stern reticence of profound genius.* His intenser imaginative qualities are restricted to a few autobiographical utterances, such as "The Castaway," in which he is seeking expression for the anguish of a mind half distraught, even while he writes, by visionary terrors. There was something essentially feminine about the talent of Cowper and even about the philanthropic and humanitarian propaganda—the palliative glamour rather than the remedial fervour by which so much of his verse is animated. All these limitations were recognised not obscurely by the poet himself. They need blind us neither to the weak side of the philosophy nor to the essential goodness and religious benevolence of the man.

* "Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, turn it into the simplest possible language, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections—as, for example, that when a man is once drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can manage it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculations" (Sir Leslie Stephen).

Cowper's Summerhouse.

"I write in a nook that I call my *Boudoir*. It is a summerhouse not much bigger than a sedan chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles; and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking-room; and under my feet is a trap-door, which once covered a hole in the ground, where he kept his bottles. At present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Having lined it with garden mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or to the public."—Letter to Joseph Hill, June 25th, 1785.

THE HOUSE OF SEELEY.

MR. F. STANLEY SERVICE, who has been for some years past the manager of Messrs. Pearson's book-publishing department, is joining the old and well-known firm of Seeley and Company. This house is, we believe, with the single exception of the great firm of Longmans and Co., the oldest publishing business in London. It was founded in the year 1795 by Leonard Benton Seeley, third son of Benton Seeley, bookseller at Buckingham, who was born in the second year of George I., and served the office of Bailiff

William Cowper.

From the Painting executed by Jackson, R.A., after the poet's death, probably from the Portraits by Abbot and Lawrence.

"He was of middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a bluish-grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical."—Hayley's "Life of William Cowper."

The Rev. John Newton.

Cowper's intimate friend, and joint author of "The Olney Hymns." "That friendship could not be estimated above its value, Mr. Newton being a man whom it was impossible not to admire for his strength of heart, and the warmth and sincerity of his affections, and his vigorous intellect, and his sterling worth. A sincerer friend Cowper could not have found; he might have found a more discreet one."—Southey's "Works of William Cowper."

(or Mayor) of Buckingham in the years 1765 and 1781. He had also a printing office, and published a few works, among them a Guide to Stowe, with many plates "drawn in perspective by B. Seeley"; and a pamphlet, excellently printed, on the change of style as affecting the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, designed to reassure those who were disturbed in mind by the loss of the eleven days, and by the fear of not duly observing the ecclesiastical seasons. Benton Seeley died in 1795, and he and his wife Catherine lie buried in Buckingham Churchyard. His eldest son, John, who succeeded to the business, undertook printing contracts for Government, and was distributor of stamps for the district. He was Bailiff four times, in the years 1795, 1796, 1805, and 1813, and lived in Castle House, a fine old mansion, which has been recently engraved in "Later Renaissance Architecture in England," by John Belcher and M. E. Macartney (London, B. T. Batsford). Here—or more probably in an earlier house on the same site—Charles I. was lodged from the 22nd to the 26th of June, 1644; here was held the Council of War at which it was decided to march upon London, a decision revoked three days later; and here the King received intelligence of the birth of the Princess Henrietta at Exeter. When John Seeley died without issue in 1830, this house was sold, and the business passed into other hands. A lecture on Buckingham, delivered in 1857, by the Vicar, the Rev. H. Roundell, and well printed in the old office by Richard Chandler, has on the title page an excellent woodcut of the seal of the Corporation, and quotes the lines from Drayton's "Agincourt":

> "in ensign there
> Some bear the arms of their most ancient Town,
> Others, again, their own devices have;
> The mustered men for Buckingham are gone,
> Under the Swan, the arms of that old Town."

The old trade is still carried on at the old white bay-windowed house in Market Square.

Leonard Benton Seeley established himself in London as a publisher and wholesale and retail bookseller, first at 56, Paternoster Row, and two years later at 15, Ave Maria Lane, in the house afterwards occupied by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. Thence he removed in 1808 to 169, Fleet Street. He lived in these houses, after the fashion of those days, but in his later years spent much of his time at a pleasant house which he had at Weston Green, Thames Ditton, with a large garden, orchard, and paddock, and adjoining it a printing office, where his publications were printed at the hand-presses then in use. He was well acquainted with the leaders of the Evangelical party—Thomas Scott, Josiah Pratt, Richard Cecil, and Edward Bickersteth, whose works he published, and at a room in his house in Fleet Street the Committee of the Church Missionary Society used to meet before its offices were established in Salisbury Square. He also corresponded with Charles, of Bala, the founder of the Bible Society, and acted for a time as the Society's agent. He was extremely fond of music, played on the organ and violin, and compiled a collection of hymn tunes, which he published under the title of "Devotional Harmony," containing one or more tunes composed by himself. He died in 1834, and is buried in the churchyard of Kingston-on-Thames. Six years before his death he had relinquished the publishing part of his business to his eldest son, Robert Benton.

Robert Benton Seeley was born in 1798, in Ave Maria Lane, and remembered seeing Nelson's funeral pass up Ludgate Hill, when he was eight years old. He used to tell, also, how when a youth of seventeen he walked one summer morning from Fleet Street to old London Bridge, to see the first steamboat, which had come up the Thames from Glasgow, and on his way back read the bulletin of the battle of Waterloo, which had just been posted up on the Mansion House. Some of his earliest years were spent with his uncle at Buckingham, and while there he had lessons from Thomas Scott, son of the commentator, and then fresh from college, and curate of the chapel at Gawcott; but, like his tutor's father, he was mainly self-educated. It is a tradition in the family that he began to take part in the business when he was seven years old. He had an intense love of books, and acquired so good an English style that at one time he wrote leading articles for the *Times*, and was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. For many years he wrote almost daily for the *Morning Herald*, and he found time to produce a long succession of books, to which, however, he never in any one instance attached his name. Some of them attracted no little attention. His "Essays on the Church" ran rapidly through many editions, and was followed at intervals by "Essays on Romanism" and "Essays on the Bible." He wrote the life of Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark, and one of the leaders in the movement which led to the passing of the Factory Acts. A volume on Edward

the First, which he issued late in life, under the title of "The Greatest of the Plantagenets," was held to be of real value by competent authorities. He carried on the business in partnership with Mr. W. Burnside, first in Crane Court, then at 172, Fleet Street, and afterwards for many years at 54, Fleet Street, and mainly on the same lines as his father. They brought out the Lives of John Newton, Henry Martyn, and Hannah More, a long series of books by Edward Bickersteth, works by Professor Scholefield, Professor Lee, and Professor Birks, the "Horæ Apocalypticæ" of the Rev. E. B. Elliott, Bishop Wilberforce's allegories for children, Miss Charlesworth's "Ministering Children," etc. A cheaper edition of Thomas Scott's Commentary, which was brought out by the proprietors at his suggestion, had a remarkable success, several thousand copies of the six quarto volumes being sold in not many months. Mr. R. B. Seeley had a remarkable constitution, and led a strenuous life until old age came upon him. He took an active part on the Conservative side in many contested elections, and was once Returning Officer for the borough of Finsbury, besides serving as one of the first members of the Metropolitan Board of Works. He was one of the founders of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and used to attend the committees, which were at one time held before breakfast. Thus he would leave home very early in the morning, and after a day's work in his business, would spend the evening till a late hour in writing for a daily newspaper. He was also one of the first members of the Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes, and he co-operated with Lord Shaftesbury in many of his philanthropic works. He died in 1886, in his 89th year. He had relinquished his share in the business to his second son nearly thirty years before, but almost to the end of his life he continued to give active help and counsel. Mr. Daniel Macmillan and Mr. Alexander Macmillan began their business life at 54 and 169, Fleet Street.

Mr. R. B. Seeley sent his three elder sons to the City of London School, then under the headmastership of Dr. Mortimer, and in the summer of 1848 the three brothers were all in the sixth form together, the eldest, who bore his grandfather's name, being captain of the school, and the youngest, afterwards Sir John Seeley, having just come into the class. The second son, Richmond, named after his father's friend, Legh Richmond, stood midway between his brothers both in age and place. The two elder left school at the end of the term, the second son to go into his father's business, and the eldest to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as fifth wrangler and with two other first classes, in classics and in moral sciences. He was elected a fellow of his college, and went to the bar, confining himself mainly to chamber practice; but he had a decided literary gift, and found time to write three biographical studies, on Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney, and Mrs. Thrale. The fourth and youngest son was educated at the Islington Proprietary School, and was for many years in the business, but died in middle life. When Mr. Richmond Seeley succeeded his father he had at first two partners, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Halliday, but

Lady Hesketh.

"They who remembered Lady Hesketh in her prime, spoke of her as 'a brilliant beauty, who attracted all eyes on her at Ranelagh'"—Southey's "Works of William Cowper."

"For Time, the destroyer declar'd,
And foe of our perishing kind,
If even her face he has spar'd,
Much less could he alter her mind."
—Lines addressed by Cowper to Lady Hesketh.

Rischgitz Collection.

both died within a few years, and the management devolved upon him. He kept up the old tradition of the house, and published in the course of years many religious books, Lives of Bishop Hannington, Gordon, and other missionaries, works by the Rev. E. B. Elliott and his daughters, Canon Clayton, the present Bishop of Durham, Bishop Welldon, and Archdeacon Moule, Mrs. Carey Brock's very popular religious stories, and her "Children's Hymn Book," at first in co-operation with Messrs. Rivington, and subsequently with the Christian Knowledge Society; many of Mrs. Marshall's tales, the "Choral Service Book," and the "Clergyman's Legal Handbook." But being interested in art, he began to extend the business in that direction, and published in 1866 an illustrated volume on "English Children" as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the text of which was written by Mr. F. G. Stephens. In the following year, wishing to bring out a similar volume on the French School, Mr. Seeley consulted Mr. Macmillan as to the choice of a writer, and was most kindly introduced by him to Mr. Hamerton, with whom he soon formed a warm friendship. After writing two volumes on French Art, Mr. Hamerton suggested the establishment of an artistic periodical, to be edited by him, and illustrated by the more modern methods of engraving. The first number of the *Portfolio* appeared in January, 1870, and the frontispiece was a reproduction in autotype of a drawing by the present President of the Royal Academy. It contained also some small etchings by the editor, who was greatly interested in the revival of this art, and did much by his writings to make the English

The "Great House," where Newton held his Prayer-meetings.

"Two years previous to Cowper's arrival, Newton had commenced having services in what was called the 'Great House,' a mansion, the property of Lord Dartmouth, that stood between the church and the mill. . . . For the use of the worshippers at the 'Great House' both Cowper and Newton wrote hymns, the most noteworthy being Cowper's 'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.'"—Thomas Wright's "Life of William Cowper."

public acquainted with it. Many plates by the leading etchers of the day appeared in the *Portfolio*, and when in 1873 it was decided to give commissions for a series of plates from pictures in the National Gallery, four of the foremost etchers in Paris were invited to come to London and select subjects. Mr. Seeley met M. Rajon, M. Waltner, M. Le Rat, and M. Brunet Debaines at the Gallery, and was witness of their astonishment and enthusiasm at first seeing the works of Turner. They were especially delighted with his later pictures, and M. Rajon, though accustomed to etch figure subjects, insisted on having a picture of his assigned to him, besides one of Van Dyck's which he had selected, and chose the "Fighting Téméraire." The Woodburytype process was also used in the *Portfolio*, and reproductions of pen drawings and photogravures soon began to appear, Mr. Pennell being a frequent and valued contributor. Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. F. G. Stephens, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti were among the earliest writers, and R. L. Stevenson's first essays appeared in its pages. Important contributions came from Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Claude Phillips, and Sir Walter Armstrong. In 1894, when two or three other art magazines had been established on very similar lines, the *Portfolio* was altered into a series of monographs, each complete in itself, and these continue to appear.

But the business was extended also in the direction of general literature. Two of Sir John Seeley's smaller works, on Napoleon and on Goethe, were issued by the firm, and Dr. Abbott's well-known school-books. Mrs. Henry Ady's memoirs of Sacharissa and Madame, Mr. Hadow's Studies in Modern Music, Mr. Cornish's books on Natural History, Mr. Gilliat's historical tales, Miss Giberne's books on Popular Science, Mr. Hamerton's "Round my House" and "Modern Frenchmen," may also be mentioned; as well as the series of volumes on "Events of Our Own Time," to which Sir Edward Hamley, Colonel Malleson, and Mr. Archibald Forbes contributed. In 1877 it occurred to Mr. Seeley that Flaxman's outline illustrations of Homer, being based on the Greek vase-paintings, might be legitimately reproduced in the colours of the vases, and he consulted his cousin, Professor A. J. Church, about the text which should accompany these designs. Professor Church undertook to supply it, and his famous "Stories from Homer" was the first of the long series of volumes in which he has popularised classic literature and mediæval romance. For his brother, the Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Academy, the house has published a monograph on Josiah Wedgwood, and "The Chemistry of Paints and Painting."

The business was removed from 54, Fleet Street in 1884, and after a few years in Essex Street was established in its present premises at 38, Great Russell Street, chiefly for the advantage of being close to the British Museum. The value of its vast collections to anyone seeking information on questions of literature and art, and the readiness and zeal with which they are made available by the officials, are matters of grateful acknowledgment by all who have had such experience.

The business took the form of a limited company in the year 1889. Mr. F. Stanley Service, who now becomes a director, has had some sixteen years' experience of publishing in this country and on the Continent. After leaving Glasgow University, he spent about a couple of years in Germany and France, becoming acquainted with publishing in Leipsic and Paris, as well as learning German and French.

On his return, he went to Edinburgh, and made himself thoroughly conversant with the details of printing and binding. It was with Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., however, that he began in 1892 to acquire his knowledge of English publishing. After a number of years he and Mr. Stuart Paton—who was also on the staff of that house—started the firm of Service and Paton. Their publications were of a general nature, but chiefly fiction, religious books, and illustrated reprints. In 1899 Mr. Paton joined the board of James Nisbet and Co., and Mr. Service became responsible for the publication of the books issued by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. He was with them for four years, and was, we understand, most successful in the management of his department of the business of that enterprising firm.

With this varied and wide experience, we have no

doubt he will prove to be a valuable addition to Messrs. Seeley's directorate.

New Books.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

No better man could have been found to write the life of Matthew Arnold than Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Arnold is an atmosphere as much as a man; a quiet grey and silver atmosphere which grows upon the inhabitant like certain quiet kinds of scenery; and it is Mr. Russell's good fortune that he is steeped in it, that he is a real denizen of the Arnold landscape. It was the misfortune of the brilliant Mr. Herbert Paul that he wrote about Arnold a little as if he were reviewing an author he had never heard of before. He wrote splendidly, but scrappily, and did not seem to see the plan and meaning of the whole. Mr. Russell is luckier. Though Matthew Arnold cannot be called (in his creative work, at least) a literary classic, yet there was something so very classical about him that he has this great mark or note, as he would have said, of the classics, that the more you live with him the larger he grows. It is the essential of anything classically great, from Homer to Westminster Abbey, that familiarity breeds respect. Moreover, Mr. Russell has many peculiar advantages for the purpose of his task, besides the incidental advantage of being a clever man. He is a good Liberal, and so can understand the profound Liberalism which was really in the heart of Arnold, with all his anti-Radical satire; he is also an aristocrat and a High Churchman; so that his Liberalism is modified by forces not the same as, but somewhat analogous to, the forces from Oxford and the past which modified the Liberalism of Arnold, or to speak more correctly, which gave that Liberalism its peculiar and quiet tint. When an aristocrat is really a genuine Liberal he is a very good Liberal; because the habit of "the free man" of Aristotle is native to aristocracies. When a High Churchman is really a genuine Liberal, he is a very good Liberal, because the habit of holding doctrine firmly and as an infallible thing, makes him stand firm as Mr. Russell has stood, amid a whirlwind of ephemeral sophistry.

Cowper's Pew in the Gallery of Olney Church.

"The only gallery now existing—and this it is proposed to remove—is the one erected in the north aisle by John Newton, which contains the pew of the poet Cowper."—Thomas Wright's "The Town of Cowper."

Instead of quoting, as might easily be done, many of Mr. Russell's more picturesque or individual fragments of criticism, I prefer to quote his more sober statement of the limits and nature of the effects which Arnold had upon young Liberals like himself. He is speaking of "Culture and Anarchy," that wonderful and valuable book in which Arnold most clearly uttered his plea for a responsible political philosophy as against a headlong and hugger-mugger politics.

"And from that memorable book what did we learn? To answer first by negatives, we did not learn to undervalue personal liberty or to stand aloof from the practical work of citizenship, or to despise Parliamentary effort and its bearing on the better life of England. To these lessons of a fascinating teacher we closed our ears, charmed he never so wisely. To answer affirmatively, we learned that our first object must be to attain our own best self, and that only so could we hope to help others. We learned to discard prepossessions, and try to see things as they really are. We learned that the liberty which we worshipped must be conditioned by authority—an authority not wielded by rank or bureaucracy, but by the State acting as a whole through its accredited representatives, and depending for its existence on the co-operation of the entire nation. In self-government so founded, however stringently it might exercise its power, there was no degradation for the governed, because in the wider sense they were also governors. In brief, Arnold's idea of the State was exactly that which in later years one of his disciples, Henry Scott-Holland, conceived, when, defending Christian Socialism against the reproach of 'grandmotherly legislation,' he said that in a well-governed commonwealth "every man was his own grandmother."

This summary appeals to one as singularly sane, because I think Arnold cannot altogether be cleared of the charge at which Mr. Russell hints, that he shrank from a great deal of practical political action which was quite as compatible with culture and quite as independent of it as the ploughing of fields or the selling of fish. Though he despised the absurd Irish Church Establishment as much as any other Liberal, he would scarcely help in its abolition because so many Liberals took a different view of Church matters to himself. His attitude towards religious dogma is another matter which naturally does not wholly satisfy Mr. Russell. This is no place for any statement of preference between Arnold's devout agnosticism and the uncompromising Catholicism of Mr. Russell, who says of Arnold's definition of God, "a stream of tendency, etc.," that "a prayer beginning 'Stream!' would sound as odd as Wordsworth's ode beginning 'Spade!'" But it is, I think, worth noting as a very typical fact that Arnold, who did not believe in the Church doctrines, was in favour of an Established Church, while Mr. Russell, who does believe in them, is a root and branch dis-establisher. The best that an Establishment has ever been is a refuge for reverent unbelievers. To the serious Churchman it is unendurable.

Arnold said that the best element of Germany was that it believed in "The elevation of a whole people through culture." "That," he said, "need not be your English motto, but at least you might find a better than your present one, 'the beatification of a whole people through claptrap.'"

Literary and political fashions have passed away, but those words have not passed away. The Radical England of Arnold's day was vain of its civilisation. The Tory England of to-day is vain of its barbarism. Mr. Bottles looked complacently upon "the railroads he had built, the commerce he had extended, etc." The new Mr. Bottles looks forth at the ironclads he has built and the provinces he has annexed. But the English fault has not changed, nor the England felicity. Across every newspaper office might still be written in letters

* "Matthew Arnold." By G. W. E. Russell. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

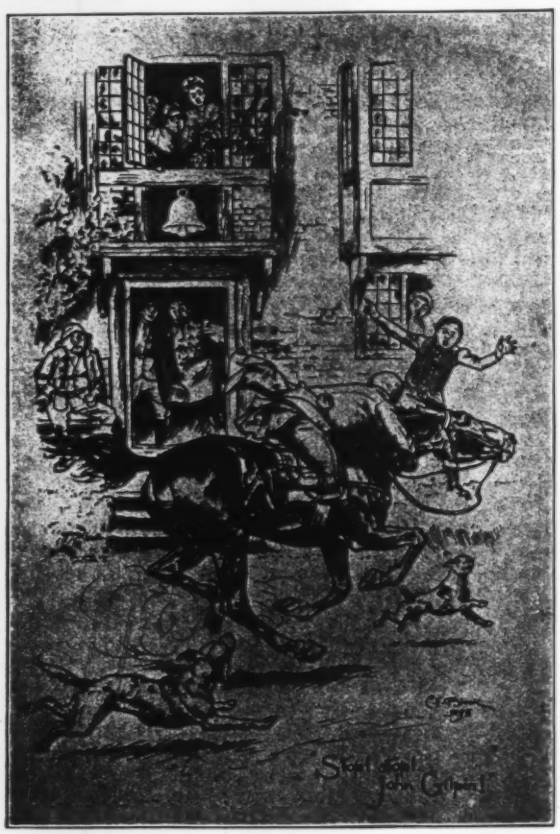
of gold "The beatification of a whole people through claptrap."

When somebody or other called Matthew Arnold scornfully "an elegant Jeremiah" he was paying a compliment truer and subtler than he knew. For Matthew Arnold really was a prophet in the sound old Hebraic sense; that is to say, a person whose business it is to say exceedingly unpleasant things. He was far more of a prophet in this Hebraic sense than Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle was a poet; and the distinction is far too little realised. A poet is a man who sings the praise of things, who expresses the trend and affections of the people, who loves what his countrymen love, and loves them for loving it. A prophet is a man who is fighting his own people, and trying to turn them from their present course. And singular as it may seem to say so, Thomas Carlyle was the poet and not the prophet, was the encourager and not the discourager of the English trend. He shouted at his countrymen and lashed them, but it was along the road of their choice and destiny. He abused the English, but it was for not being English enough. The English are naturally proud, vague, lordly, lusty, fond of material achievement. Carlyle wished them to be more proud, more vague, more lordly and lusty, more fond of material achievement. He rebuked us as a trainer rebukes a prize-fighter; Arnold rebuked us as a chaplain rebukes a criminal. Therefore Arnold was unpopular, and Carlyle, in comparison, popular. He was popular because he was with all his gloom and violence at bottom prophesying smooth things, shouting smooth things, thundering smooth things. This is no disparagement of him, though it would probably make him turn in his grave; the poet, or man who praises, has his place as well as the prophet or man who blames. But since Carlyle's time the English with their simple vanity have more and more got into the dangerous habit of accepting as a bracing prophet the man who is only a violent eulogist, a kind of stormy flatterer. It is scarcely necessary to quote the name of Kipling. We like these national poets very much, and as I say, they have their value. But when a real prophet came to tell us that we were not the only people on earth, that we could not do everything simply by exaggerating ourselves, that we failed nine times out of ten, not by rude Berseker faults, but by common cowardice and small-mindedness, that it was not "failing to speak out with promptitude and energy," that was the matter with us, but "having nothing consistent or valuable to say"—when a prophet said these really unpleasant truths, we did not like it at all. His method was mild and explanatory, his tone urbane, he roared like the sucking dove, but we did not like it at all. We did not compliment him by calling him a savage old prophet or a misanthropic old bear. We called him in the agony of our pulverised vanity "a trifler."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

From an original Drawing by George Cruikshank. **John Gilpin.**

"Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear,
For while he spoke a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear."
—"The Diverting History of John Gilpin."



From a Drawing by C. E. Brock. **John Gilpin.**

"'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tir'd.'
Said Gilpin—'So am I!'"

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., from their illustrated edition of "The Diverting History of John Gilpin.")

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.*

In this, his third volume, Mr. Drummond Norie continues the story of the "Life and Adventures of Prince Charles," for a period of nineteen weeks, that is, from the time when the Highland army marched out of Carlisle for the north, until the fugitive Prince, with a handful of followers, reached the small island of Scalpa a fortnight after the crushing defeat at Culloden. Mr. Norie admits that it was a grave error to leave a garrison in Carlisle; but he believes that Charles had never for a moment relinquished the hope of resuming his march towards London; and holds that he was certainly right in opposing the retreat after his victory over Hawley at Falkirk. Details of the northward march of the Hanoverian forces under the Duke of Cumberland are ignored as being outside the subject; but there is, of course, an ample account of the battle of Culloden.

The atrocities perpetrated after the defeat of the Jacobite army are deservedly denounced; but Mr. Norie's language is tame compared with that of the extreme Covenanters who compiled "The Active Testimony," a rare little tract published in 1749. In their estimation, Prince Charles and Duke William were both "young pretenders"; the Jacobites were "a promiscuous multitude," "ignorant, covetous, pilfering"; and Cumberland's red-coats were "vermin of hell," whom Charles ought not to have spared. The red-coat vermin are described as having come "in shoals from Flanders and England," and as "bellowing forth their horrid curses and blasphemous oaths, and robbing, stealing, and ruining all where ever they came," defiling the land "with their abominable whoredoms and other uncleannesses." Cumberland himself, it is affirmed, "wrought all manner of wickedness with greediness and with a high hand." After Culloden, they not only barbarously murdered the wounded, and massacred the unarmed onlookers, but, "like incarnate devils, they raged through the country, murdering women and children and old infirm men in many places, and

* "The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart." By W. Drummond Norie. In four volumes. Vol. III. 25s. net each vol. (The Caxton Publishing Co.)

From a Painting by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery.

William Cowper.

Doubt is cast on the authenticity of this portrait.

"The eager, sudden-looking, large-eyed, shaven face of Cowper is familiar to us in his portraits—a face sharp-cut and sufficiently well-moulded, without being handsome, nor particularly sympathetic. It is a high-strung, excitable face."—W. M. Rossetti.

burning others in barns and in their houses, without distinction of age or sex"; hanging up some on iron hooks by the chin, and hanging up others by the thumbs and then whipping them to death. The country was so wasted that multitudes died of famine, many were found dead in caves, in huts, and in the fields, "with grass in their mouths"; and "all these horrid tragedies were acted in this land by the special command of their inhumane duke."

The local allusions in Mr. Norie's book add greatly to its interest. Without special personal knowledge, however, a writer in attempting to enrich his work in this way is very apt to fall into error; and Mr. Norie has not always escaped. Describing the battlefield of Falkirk, he says: "It sloped somewhat abruptly to the line of Graham's Dyke and the Forth and Clyde Canal"; and he tells that the Jacobite army "crossed the canal and the grass-grown embankment which covered the old Roman wall." As a matter of fact the making of the Forth and Clyde canal was not begun when the battle was fought, nor for more than twenty years afterwards. He has apparently been misled on this matter by the plan of the battlefield published in 1802. He explains that, "to Highlanders the battle of Falkirk is known as *Blar na h-Eaglaise Brice*, 'the battle of the speckled church,' probably from the mottled appearance of the masonry in the tower." In this, however, the Highlanders are merely reverting to the old name of Falkirk, which, so early at least as the twelfth century, was known as "Eiglesbrec"; and that name, according to W. F. Skene, meant "the speckled church."

Like its two predecessors this volume bears ample evidence of the author's love for his subject; and many of the numerous illustrations are truly beautiful.

D. Hay Fleming.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

A handsome, well-conceived volume, in which the poet is never separated from the man, nor the man from the poet. Dr. Dowden is an old student of Browning, and a little apprehensive lest his familiarity with works that have long taken their place in remembrance should have dulled his power of exposition. But it is not so, and we read him with pleasure. As in his other writings, the Dublin professor is considerate towards everyone whose name he deals with. His manner is engaging, "lenis minimeque pertinax"; and though some touch of a vehement flame would have lit up his pages to our still warmer admiration, he leaves us grateful and interested. The book can be finished almost at a sitting, but many of its critical sentences will draw us to them again, for they are acute, learned, and just.

* "Robert Browning." By Edward Dowden, D.C.L., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. 4s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent.)

This is not a "Life and Correspondence"; it is rather a commentary on Browning's poems, illustrated, where possible, from his life. In letters the bard was, or could be, subtle and strenuous, revealing more of the spirit which glanced round so eagerly and discoursed so dramatically, than he did among London dinner parties, where in middle age he became a well-known figure. To those of a younger time, as I recall from certain conversations with people who knew Browning, and certainly to us who looked on him as a little lower than the prophets, his glory lost a ray or two of its brightness during the late London years. A touching explanation is given, doubtless a true one, from his own lips, in the biography. When his wife died, and he hid his trouble away in Breton villages and wild places, suddenly it came home to the heroic mind that he was skulking from the battle; he subdued his grief, entered society once more, but, as Mr. Henry James happily puts it, "built out" from that life the shrine in which his past lay dead. We are aware of this, I think, in the works written subsequently to "The Ring and the Book"—in those Greek plays and monologues, to me full of interest, though D. G. Rossetti yawned over "Balaustion's Adventure," but then he had needlessly quarrelled with Browning—as in the grotesque modern or murder-pieces, the "Inn Album," and their like. Then came the last episodes, Asolo, Venice, and a great sunrise dawning over the poet's death-bed. He ended his career in a light that is broadening yet; and as the gondola floats along the Grand Canal, from the Rezzonico to the Vendramin-Calergi, from Browning to Wagner, we feel that romance will never die, that the tragic note has been sounding across an age commercial and commonplace, not altogether in vain.

His works are, of course, Browning's life; but there is also his love-story, divinely told in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; and that is really all. Apart from these things he was the modern tourist, the diner-out, the English Liberal of fifty years ago, the connoisseur of music, alert, well-informed, somewhat French in manner, making no parade of gifts which were entirely his own. He began with a youth's enthusiasm for

The Task

"Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow."
—"The Task," Bk. IV.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., from their illustrated Edition of Cowper's Poems.)

Shelley; admired and did not envy Tennyson; created a style in verse, a mood or temper in philosophy, which his countrymen at first could not endure, yet would be sorry to lose now they understand it better; and found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. English poets are the divines of modern religious teaching. The grandest will always be Wordsworth; but the most immediately effective as armed champion of a creed is Browning. Whether, as Robert Buchanan reported, he ever said that he was "no Christian," will not trouble his readers greatly. For even in his imitations or transcripts of the Greeks, he is Christian at all points. But there is one observation which Dr. Dowden passes over, yet which seems right to be made. Browning is at no time Catholic. Though he spent long years in Florence, knew Rome well, and delighted in Siena, his aloofness from the Catholic spirit is absolute. Caponsacchi, the hero in his greatest work, charms and attracts, but he is no priest; rather, if a cleric he must be, we associate him with some English clergyman who has known Kingsley. Innocent XII. is everything admirable you please except a Pope; and so we must say of other figures presumably Catholic, good or bad, which Browning analyses for our instruction. As Balaustion is decidedly no Greek but an English lady, refined and very human—we know well who she was—so Pompilia, that strange and beautiful child, is no Italian. The critic cannot afford to overlook these truths. Browning is English, Puritan, Protestant to the core; his characters all put on the same stage-mask; but he who speaks through them is an immortal poet.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE LATE SIR LESLIE STEPHEN'S FORD LECTURES.*

The proper appreciation of Sir Leslie Stephen's last work demands the consideration of the title as a whole. Sir

* "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century." Ford Lectures, 1903. By Leslie Stephen. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mary Unwin.

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view not them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!"

—Cowper's poem "To Mary."

Lady Austen.

In the character of Lavinia, after the original by Romney.

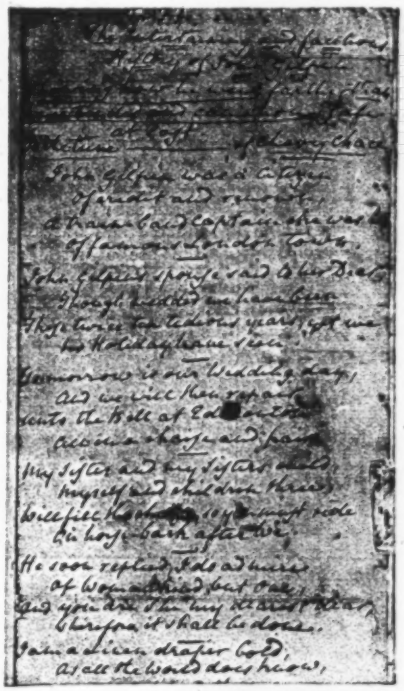
"august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song."
—"The Task," Bk. I.

"She is a lively, agreeable woman; has seen much of the world, and accounts it a great simpleton, as it is. She laughs and makes laugh, and keeps up a conversation without seeming to labour at it."—Letter to the Rev. John Newton, July 7th, 1781.

Rischgitz Collection.

Leslie's eminence as a literary critic may have led to the expectation of receiving as his posthumous gift a course of lectures on literary history, but the case is otherwise. Society is even more of a primary element in Sir Leslie's lectures than literature, which indeed is only treated of here as an element contributing to mould society, and as moulded by it in its turn. Hence, instead of brilliant characterisations of leading men of letters, or commentaries upon popular works, we have a singularly close study of the influences of literature and society in their mutual action and interaction. The lectures must have severely tried the attention of their auditory, not from obscurity of style, but from pregnancy of matter. Much compression must have been needful to get such a body of thought and information into four lectures, but the Dictionary of National Biography is an excellent school of condensation, as Sir Leslie himself has somewhere remarked.

Generally speaking, the eighteenth century may be said to be principally regarded by Sir Leslie Stephen as the era of the expansion of literature from the appanage of a select society to the common possession of a nation. In a general way this may be sufficiently explained by the spread of culture; as education progressed, readers multiplied, and their quality no less than their number was affected by the new tastes and feelings to which authors found it necessary to address themselves. At the opening of the century we find literature in active relation with the Court and the higher classes, and probably more aristocratic and exclusive than she had been in the days of the last Tudor and the first Stuart. This was but natural; after the eclipse of literature in the cataclysm of the Civil War and Commonwealth, it had been restored along with royalty, and had found its renovation at the Court of a monarch of taste and breeding; while under William the Third and Anne the courtiers supplied the deficiencies of the sovereign. It was not until the accession of a king who could not even speak English, that the Court lost its literary character, and authors began to appeal to the public in their books, and not merely in the perio-



Facsimile of Cowper's MS. "John Gilpin," no in the British Museum.

dical press, as Addison and Steele had already done. The two greatest literary performances of George the First's reign, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," are addressed to wider and less cultivated audiences than the productions of the age of Anne. It further happened that after Addison's death and Steele's silence most of the chief authors were on the wrong side of politics, and were obliged to find a compensation in public patronage for the loss of the comfortable sinecures which had of old encouraged and rewarded their exertions. The alliance of genius and popularity produced about 1740 the modern novel, previously imperfectly foreshadowed by French and Spanish stories of low life. From this moment the people had fairly got literature into its hands, and all the rest is development, until we part with Sir Leslie Stephen on the threshold of the momentous and in some respects revolutionary nineteenth century.

Such is the general impression to be derived from Sir Leslie Stephen's narrative, through which he proceeds with the easy confidence of one to whom every step of the way is familiar. It has, in fact, been repeatedly travelled by him, and his intimate acquaintance with it has conferred upon him a comprehensiveness of survey, and a condensed brevity of statement which could not well be rivalled by any one, however gifted, less conversant with the time. He has also the great advantage of feeling a real attachment to the eighteenth century, so frequently decried for its prosaic cast of thought and the debasement of its moral standard. These accusations, the product of a violent reaction from eighteenth century canons of taste and conduct, are much exaggerated; and Sir Leslie's own cast of mind makes him perfectly at home with a sensible, a tolerant, a philanthropic, but in general an unimaginative age. He is able to depict it, not as the blank and dull period which it appears to those who judge it by its congeniality to their own tastes, but as a period of life and motion, steadily developing in the very direction which these critics would have wished it to take. In fact, his book is not more an exhibition of the special characteristics of the eighteenth century mind than of the causes which eventually transformed it.

The principal of these causes was no doubt that which has eventually proved the euthanasia of every school of literature and art, the accomplishment of its mission. Pope's successors could no more improve upon his couplets than Raphael's could surpass his Madonnas, and it thus became necessary to choose between sterility and a change of system. In 1757 (the identical year which Swedenborg had foretold as the spiritual Day of Judgment, and the birth-year of William Blake, the morning star of the new school of English poetry) Joseph Warton declared that "moralising had been carried too far," and proceeded to put Spenser above Pope, a decision confirmed by the tribunals of Imagination, and quashed in the courts of Intellect. Imagination and Intellect were thus fairly pitted against each other. The complete victory of the former, in so far as concerns Poetry, is entirely agreeable to reason, for imagination is of the very essence of poetry. It by no means follows that the nineteenth century can claim superiority over the eighteenth in those departments of literature into which imagination does not enter; where this is the case, as in history and archæology, this is mainly due to the great enrichment of the available material. This cause also contributed to the triumph of the Romantic School in poetry, which would hardly have been so early and so complete but for the gradual loosening of the classical yoke through the growing acquaintance with Gothic, Oriental, and mediæval literature. One impregnable fortress the eighteenth century retained in its special and most glorious creation, the modern novel of character and ordinary life, which may be infinitely varied, and inspired with a finer spirit of imagination than the masters of the eighteenth century ever knew, but will not in essentials depart far from the lines traced by them. This great and permanent modification arose mainly from the descent of literature from the *élite* to the *bourgeoisie*, forcibly dwelt upon by Sir Leslie Stephen as the main note

From an Oil Painting in the Cowper Museum.

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in."

Cowper, Mrs. Unwin, and Lady Austen in the Parlour at Olney.

—"The Task," Bk. IV.

The Avenue of Lime Trees, Weston Park.

"Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while, beneath,
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind."

—"The Task," Bk. I.

of a deliberate, but by no means stationary epoch of literature. One feature of the times presents a problem which Sir Leslie Stephen has neither shirked nor solved, the decay of the drama after the dramatists of Queen Anne's days. It may be allowed that the existing conventions might suffice to kill tragedy, but the age abounded with humorous subjects and humorous writers; the stage was under no undue restraint; acting was never better; the people went to see old plays, and applauded new plays of merit when they could get them, as on the rare occasion of "The Beggars' Opera"; no condition of success seemed to be wanting; and yet the comic drama languished until, after the middle of the century, it was revived for a short time by a pair of Irishmen. RICHARD GARNETT.

A. E.

Those who know A. E.'s earlier poetical work will not find many new notes in his new volume—nor will most of them desire such. They will find a blend of the two former books, though there is more of "Homeward" than of "The Easter-Breath." The Easter-breath has passed over his world, but the old quest is not dulled, nor is the vision dimmed. Mr. Russell's practical crusade against the "Gombeen-nau" has not silenced A. E. He has passed "from the council of stars and of hills to a life that is new." But he promises himself he will return—nay, he does return in glimmering twilights, and in the track of "Night, the dark blue hunter," to where the freedom he prizes most speaks clearest.

A. E.'s poems are not of the kind to be "recommended," save with fine discretion. They will make their way slowly to those who desire them. Their substance and inspiration, it is safe to say, will never fade or grow old; and in no age of our bustling Western world could they ever be a general utterance. What use to argue about them?—save as regards their technique, which now and then admirable, is still oftener very imperfect. For instance, his eight-footed metre in Babylon and others sorely offends the ear. But that is not the main thing to say about A. E.'s verse, and in a short notice one should stick to essentials. To some it is warm and joyful, though the warmth and joy are not of the domestic hearth. To others it is chilly, lonely, and sad. The difference between these views is the difference between essential religions, and cannot be removed by argument. It is not because he talks of Lir and Cucullain and Dante that he is what, for want of a more accurate word, we call Celtic—in his vision of nature, in his view of the chief end of man, not as a personal triumph, but as final union with the Spirit of the Universe, and of man's present state as constant quest, till the union be attained. In one respect he is even more Celtic than Mr. Yeats—in his ideal of love, which many poetic souls of different temperament will declare to be insincere and unreal. What is the use of strife on such a theme? A. E. will find echoes—where we will find them, in those who guess a finer enchantment even than personal passion with all its warfare and adventure.

One should not insist too much, however, on what in him is alien to the general. Surely there is no gentle heart but would delight in "The Silence of Love":

"In the Land of Beautiful Silence
the winds are laid,
And life grows quietly one in the
cloudy shade.
I will not waken the passion that
sleeps in the heart,
For the winds that blew us to-
gether may blow us apart."

But to know him intimately read him in the title-poem, in "Dana," in the mystical "Whom we Worship." This last is perhaps the most individual in the whole volume; but it does not find such perfect expression as "The Message," which will show what A. E. stands for better than any words of commentary could do:

"Do you not feel the white glow in your breast, my bird?
That is the flame of love I send to you from afar:
Not a wafted kiss, hardly a whispered word,
But love itself that flies as a white-winged star.

Let it dwell there, let it rest there, at home in your heart:
Wafted on wings of gold, it is Love itself, the Dove.
Not the god whose arrows wounded with bitter smart,
Nor the purple-fiery birds of death and love.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes;
They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes.
I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise,
With no death after, no arrow with stinging pains."

A. MACDONELL.

* "The Divine Vision, and Other Poems." By A. E. 3s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

LIFE IN A GARRISON TOWN.*

Everyone is saying, and no doubt many people believe, that this novel represents the manners and morals of the officers of the German army. It accuses them throughout of profligacy, cruelty, dishonesty, extravagance and cowardice, of incredible meanness, and of such gross manners that a bargee might reasonably refuse to associate with them. A young lieutenant of twenty-five wrote it, and after undergoing trial by court-martial was condemned to six months' imprisonment and to be dismissed the service. Finally, in the presence of the German Parliament the Minister of War regretfully admitted the truth of almost all the statements made in the book. The officers "libelled" either resigned or were placed on half-pay. The book was suppressed by the Government, and, it is said, is enjoying a wide circulation throughout the empire, under the innocent and honourable title of "Ivanhoe."

Of course these proceedings drew the attention of the world to the book to an extent the author had never expected. He had wearied of his life in Forbach, the little frontier town where, as he says, the "undesirable elements" of the army were gathered together. He watched his fellow officers make love to other men's wives, he saw them ill-treating their inferiors, he came across eavesdropping, fraud and cowardice, he was disgusted by their squabbles and their coarseness. He decided to throw up his profession, but before he was out of harness he wrote and published

* "Life in a Garrison Town." By Lieutenant Bilse. 6s. (John Lane.)

a chronicle of things as he saw them. Whether he has rendered a service to his country by washing this very dirty linen in public is a question for his country to decide.

Lieutenant Bilse's disguises are so thin that they vanished altogether when the book appeared. The very day-labourers of Forbach knew which men and women he had pilloried. His colonel is there, even to the tear in his eye and his habit of getting drunk at evening parties. No one could fail to recognise the sergeant-major who behaved with revolting brutality to an inferior, or the drunken adjutant who reported a sentry falsely. All their little ways are set down, and the furniture of their rooms, as well as their atrocious misdeeds. The women fare no better than the men. Lieutenant Bilse objected to kiss a lady's hand when she offered it in her husband's dirty riding glove. He calls this lady Frau Rittmeister Stark in the novel, and describes her visit of inspection to the regimental stables. "Here you, Corporal Meyer, please to clear away the manure heap. It's a disgraceful filth. . . . You idle curs. . . . Go to work, or I'll make it hot for you, you lazy scoundrels." Such is her language. When her husband gets fuddled at an inn she fetches him home and "kicks up a row." When they are at home he throws slippers at her. The other women in the novel are young and pretty and unfaithful to their husbands. Two sordid scandals of the frontier town are set forth in print as they occurred. One of the women involves her husband in a duel that renders him unfit for service. The other elopes with a man who has shown himself throughout to be mean, cruel, and fraudulent. In London they soon come to their last penny. So he shoots her and then himself, thus putting an end to a dreary pair, and, it must be said, to a dreary book.

The impossible thing to believe is that this novel presents to the world the gentlemen of the German army, and, to do the author justice, he is careful to defend himself against such a charge. It is life in a "little" garrison town that he describes, the scourings of the army, and not its main body. To the ignorant outsider there seems something wrong in a system that collects the scourings instead of dispersing them or throwing them out. But even an outsider who knows the German national character knows that the men and women of Lieutenant Bilse's novel are not average national types. German officers who have to represent a privileged caste on pay an English artisan would refuse are said to get into debt; cases of cruelty to inferiors have come to light with distressing frequency of late; men have been driven into duels by unfaithful wives. Yet thrift, kindness, and chastity are characteristics of the German people, and the army is the people. For German tact and German manners, except amongst the highest classes, there is less to be said; it is to be hoped they have not generally sunk to the level of the Forbach garrison. The author has not displayed much tact himself in his revelations. Indeed anyone who has grown up amongst his country-folk must feel indignant that this picture should pass current in foreign countries as the picture of "noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany." It was a greater than Lieutenant Bilse who so summed up the prevailing national qualities.

CECILY SIDGWICK.

Cowper's Oak.

"Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth."
—"Yardley Oak."

LAURA BRIDGMAN.*

It is difficult to take the life of Laura Bridgman or of Helen Keller without associating the one with the other. They are both so extraordinary and so incredible. Scientifically their interest is almost equal, while in both cases there goes along with it a touchingly human and personal quality. In the story of Laura Bridgman, the first blind deaf-mute to be taught language, the quickening individuality is almost visually before one's eyes in the daily diaries kept by her teachers. Her little white, trembling soul, groping after the inner light of sociability and intelligence, moves as few things could do. For to the end pathos was always present; she could only live as an intelligent and social being through the untiring devotion and attention of those acquainted with Dr. Howe's system of finger language. Left alone, total blankness enveloped her, and sent back on one occasion to live upon the farm where she was born, she pined away until her life was despaired of. Fetched back by Dr. Howe to the Institution she loved, though at death's door on arrival, she soon recovered and became the bright and sunny woman of before. Which of the two lives is the more interesting it is difficult to say. Helen Keller is a genius, and her development has the additional abnormality given by a naturally fine and rare intelligence. Laura Bridgman had the average, or just a trifle more perhaps, than the average brain capacity only, though her disposition was unusually sensitive, nervous, and warm-hearted. But her case has the special interest of being the first, and the fact that she was the original pupil of the famous Dr. Howe, and the original deaf, dumb, and blind person taught to communicate with the outer world, has made the details of her education very much more abundant and more intimate than they are in the life of Helen Keller.

Few, if any, personalities have been subjected to the strict scrutiny that Laura Bridgman's was under from the age of seven until her death. The development of soul, as well as of mind, is given in the daily descriptions of her talk and conduct. The struggle of a nature with itself, the bewilderment of a spirit marvelling at its own waywardnesses, makes the life of Laura Bridgman unique. Not even the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff is more startling in the extent of its exposure. Laura Bridgman, in fact, often brings Marie Bashkirtseff to mind. Everything, in the minds of both, is laid bare. The soul of each seems hardly to secrete a private sensation. Only in the case of Laura Bridgman the

* "Laura Bridgman: Dr. Howe's famous pupil and what he taught her." By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Rustic Bridge.

"Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink."
—"The Task," Bk. I.

nature unfolded was limpid as a stream, naïve and gracious as a flower in spring. Subtlety of any kind she was destitute of. Her infirmities allowed her to learn of life only as much as she was taught, and of evil she realised principally only what the agitations of her own heart revealed to her. Impatience, anger, and the desire to tell a lie in order to avoid being chidden, were the sins she grasped the most acutely. The primitive passions shook her from time to time like the rest of us. But the subtler and more complicated vices were carefully kept from her knowledge.

The engrossment of her life is great, and one finishes it with something like tenderness for a sweet and piteous nature. But the bewilderment of the whole thing remains. How Laura ever grasped an abstract idea nothing can make absolutely clear. The word "sorry," for instance, could be connected with no substance. The idea of wrong, again, was almost equally difficult to make comprehensible to her. One method of teaching her new or obscure words was for her teacher to read a story to her, in the course of which new words would occur. These were then explained, and Dr. Howe records that almost invariably Laura would the next day make use of them herself, always in a suitable and sensible connection.

Two peculiarly interesting things noted about Laura were her "sixth sense," or abnormal sense of muscular resistance, and the form of thought transference of which she frequently gave an example.

Through her sixth sense she had a certain pleasure in music. She knew at once when a person touched the piano in the same room with her. She says, "sound comes through the floor to my feet, and up to my head." No one could come towards her without her knowing it. The disturbance in the air waves was as sure a guide to Laura as sight to the rest of us.

As regards thought transference her favourite teacher, Miss Wight, spent a good deal of her spare time with another of the teachers at Dr. Howe's Institution, a Miss Paddock, the two being much attached to one another. Laura was usually in the room at these times, knitting or sewing, and after a time would suddenly lay down her work and begin to talk on her fingers of the very person or subject under discussion. She did this so often that at last they both believed the girl somehow attained a knowledge of what they were talking about, and agreed that in her presence they must be careful not to mention anything it was better she should be ignorant of. It is pleasant to know that Laura's moral consciousness was, Dr. Howe says, innately strong and clear—a matter probably of inheritance—for before she was anything like advanced enough in education to be taught much of the moral or social duties, she had, he says, a natural tendency "always to gravitate towards the right."

The demarcation between the human and the animal world seems, through Laura Bridgman, to be more definitely and sharply established than before. At the same time the enormous gap between her mental attainments and the brilliant intellectuality of Helen Keller throws into stronger relief than ever the astounding achievements of the latter. To appreciate fully the life of Miss Keller one should read the story of Laura Bridgman first.

M. BERESFORD RYLEY.

The Moss House.

"No noise is here, or none that hinders thought;
Stillness accompanied with sounds like these,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books."
—Lines inscribed on a board placed by Cowper in the Moss House.

JUNIPER HALL.*

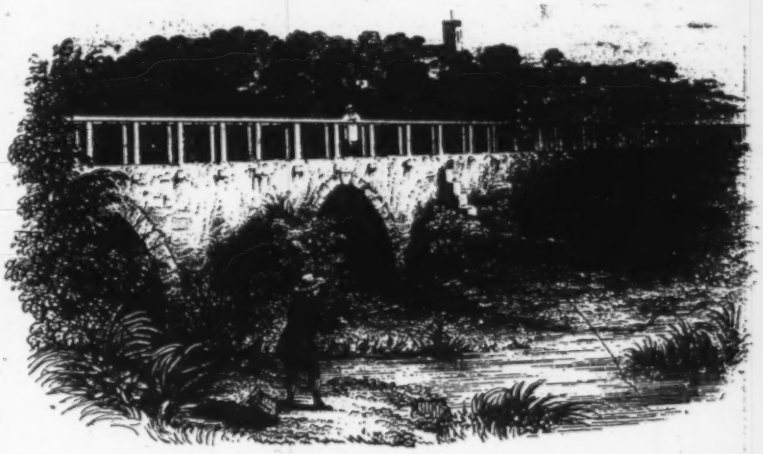
The title of this book to the majority of readers might be a little puzzling, had it not the following sub-title: "A rendezvous of certain illustrious personages during the French Revolution, including Alexandre D'Arblay and Fanny Burney." "Juniper Hall" is the name of a country house where a little group of French refugees lived together, and the present volume is a description of their life, and of Fanny Burney's association with them.

The name of Fanny Burney alone gives the book a vivid interest. For the second mistress of the robes at the Court of Queen Caroline is an unforgettable person. Her diary is among the most living histories we have—on a par with the diary of Pepys, and the Plague of Defoe. Concerning the Court of George III. there seems, after reading it, nothing more to be said. The revelation made is so complete, and so minute and full in all its details, that there is nothing left of secreted character for future historians to discover. Miss Burney is in herself a distinctly interesting woman. To a certain extent the 18th century might be said to be summed up in her—its manners, its outlook, its modes of expression and emotion. In the present book we have Miss Burney at her best. For in the crucial business of her love affair and marriage, she shows nothing but the most charming and unconventional characteristics. Nobody but a confirmed misanthrope could resist the fascination of this preposterous love story. Both she and the man she married, were used to life at Court, and to an existence of luxury and ceremonial. But these two, having fallen in love, not only proposed to, but actually *did* marry practically upon £100 a year. To read the present account of their life in a little cottage near Mickleham, where Monsieur D'Arblay became an equally impassioned and deplorable gardener, is to feel the freshening buoyancy of youth stirring in one's veins. To marry upon a hundred a

* "Juniper Hall." By Constance Hill. With Illustrations by E. G. Hill. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

year and be happy;—Fanny Burney must have had not only considerable capacities, but some fine and stirring qualities, to have done it.

The charm of this delightfully written book, however, lies not only in the letters of Fanny Burney, but in the atmosphere of the whole narrative—the atmosphere of the past, that, refined by distance of time, comes to us as something faintly gracious, like a colour worn with age, something delicately-mannered and witty, with an elegance and wit wholly removed from present usages. The company of Juniper Hall is excellent to meet. Madame de Staël, Monsieur de Narbonne, and above all Talleyrand, were all gathered in the shelter of this English home, and the writer has collected, with an admirable shrewdness, all the best stories and conversations preserved concerning that period. The following story of Talleyrand is an excellent example of the chapters dealing with the future great man and Madame de Staël. "Talleyrand was a great admirer of Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, the first for her beauty, and the other for her wit. Madame de Staël asked him one day if he found himself with both of them in the sea on a plank, and could only save one, which it would be; to which he replied, 'Ah, Madame de Staël knows so many things, doubtless she knows how to swim.'" The illustrations to the volume are all wisely chosen and well executed, and the writer is to be congratulated on a work which cannot fail to win appreciation.



Olney Bridge.

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright."
—"The Task," Bk. IV.

PA GLADDEN.*

"This is a queer old world," says Doc Briskett, "but God made a few of the folk in it;" and before you have reached the last of these fourteen chapters from his everyday experiences you will have come to the conclusion that Pa Gladden himself is one of the few, and you will understand how the doctor meant simply what he was saying, when he declared to Pa fervently, "I really like to know you're alive." Asahel Gladden and his wife Drusilly are childless, and they receive their homely titles of Pa and Ma Gladden because they are "Pa and Ma to all the livin'," as he puts it, "seein' we hain't no special children;" and it seems as natural for anyone, especially for anyone who is young, to turn to them in trouble, as if the relationship were a reality instead of the pleasant fiction that it is. The utter simplicity of Pa Gladden is as beautiful and as touching as is the simplicity of a child, and it is more effective against the wiles of worldlier men than any cunning could be; his charity is boundless, and his power of forgiving inexhaustible. Withal, he is endowed with a certain innocent shrewdness, an innate tactfulness, and with unerring intuitions that serve him where his little knowledge falters, so that when friends or neighbours come to him for advice he is fruitful of schemes for helping them out of difficulties, or for making peace between such as have quarrelled.

When Mary Jane Ann, that garrulous Hard Shell Baptist, is coming out of Kansas on a visit to them, and Pa foresees that the quiet of the household will for a while be broken by her, as it has been broken before, he astutely presents Drusilly with a new stove, and has the old one taken away; with a view to keeping out of hearing of Mary Jane Ann's tongue, he has privately resolved to resort as much as possible to a rather favourite practice of his, and live by day, during his visit, almost entirely in the great barn that he has built at some distance from his house. Without telling anybody, he erects the old stove in the barn, smuggles one or two pots and pans over there, and even an ornament or so, and there he sits on a milking stool before the blaze, boiling his coffee in peace among the brutes. "Let the women talk now," he thought, "but women's talk such ez Mary Jane Ann is partial to air tryin' to quiet folk. Drusilly will never miss me when Mary Jane Ann an' her gits ter dissectin' the relationship. . . . I'm plumb tired of it. . . . Now, me an' the dumb brutes hev a refuge here. When we can't do jes right ourselves, an' keep from bein' wordy, we'll cut an' run. Thet's sound sense, ef it hain't pure Scripter." And one day, when Drusilly comes out to tell him somebody at the farm wants to see him, she accidentally discovers his secret. "Law!" she continued, glancing into the harness room, "you hev plumb set up ter housekeepin', ye actooally hev." Pa puts down his tools, and says with an easy diplomatic flattery, "Ye should hev rung the big bell, an' I'd come. Thar air really no call fer ye to git yer feet wet. 'Pears like ye lose yer good sense ef anything excitin' comes yer way. Ye never wull be more'n sixteen, Drusilly, wull ye?" This being Pa's one "bit of conjugal gallantry, and never wore out."

The stories of Pa's goodness and great-heartedness are told with an exquisite feeling and humanity, and flower continually and naturally to an unaffected, elusive pathos, and a kindly quiet humour so near akin that again and again the reader finds himself laughing with the tears in his eyes. Each story is a litt'e masterpiece in its kind, and most of them are edged with a delicately fine spiritual suggestiveness; it is so with "The Mystery Play," for instance, with its touching and reverently suggested repetition of the birth of Christ in the great barn on Christmas morning; and with "The

The Temple in the Wilderness.

The Gothic Temple was a frequent haunt of the Rev. John Newton as well as of Cowper.

"We tread the Wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds."
—"The Task," Bk. I

* "Pa Gladden." By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Specially photographed for The Bookman *by R. G. Latt, of Olney.*

The Hall, Cowper House.

The interior of the portion of Cowper's house occupied by the poet is much the same as it was in his own day. At the back of the hall, as shown on the extreme left of the picture, is the "port hole" through which Cowper's hares came leaping out to their evening gambols. On the table can be seen Mrs. Unwin's bobbin-winder. The large portrait painted by Mr. W. S. Wright represents the Rev. William Bull.

Vision," in which the little child appearing to Pa Gladden, while he is ploughing and praying alone with his "reformed horse," Cephalus, in the south field, and disappearing immediately over the ridge, is to him as a veritable revelation of God, so that he goes home miraculously uplifted. There is more of humour in "The Praying Match," and in "The Passing of Elkanah Ritter," but each of them is charged with an underlying pathos that keeps them even in their most grotesque moments, most wonderfully human. It is a wholly delightful volume, and every chapter is richly jewelled with Pa Gladden's tender philosophy and quaintly wise aphorisms; there is much of originality in the book, and of unique narrative power, and much of higher promise that will never now be fulfilled, for one learns with sincerest regret that its author died before "Pa Gladden" was published, and that this is a last book as well as a first.

A. St. John Adcock.

THE MAGNETIC NORTH.

It is perhaps inevitable that reading "The Magnetic North" one should remember Mr. Jack London's remarkable stories of the Klondyke, but this is merely because Miss Robins writes in her latest book of the same romantic and fascinating region, and her pictures of the wild life that is lived there are drawn with the same subtle suggestion of knowledge, and the same vividly picturesque realism. If the book is not, in the main, a record of actual experiences, then Miss Robins has a creative imagination comparable only to Defoe's—a great gift of materialising her dreams, and giving them the matter-of-fact face and detail of circumstance that belong to very reality.

The story opens at the time of the feverish rush for gold in the closing years of last century, when "every creature in the North-West was bound for the Klondyke. Men from the South, too, and men from the East, had left their ploughs and their pens, their factories, pulpits, and easy-chairs, each man like a magnetic needle suddenly set free and turning sharply to the North. . . . Some distance this side of the Arctic Circle, on the right bank of the Yukon, a little detachment of that great army pressing northward, had been wrecked early in the month of September. They had realised, on leaving the ocean-going ship that landed them at St. Michael's Island (near the mouth of the great river) that they could not hope to reach Dawson that year. But instead of 'getting cold feet,' as the phrase for discouragement ran, and turning back as thousands did, or putting in the winter on the coast, they determined, with an eye to the spring rush, to cover as many as possible of the seventeen hundred miles of waterway before navigation closed. They knew, in a vague way, that winter would come early, but they had not counted on the big September storm that dashed their heavy-laden boats against the floe-ice, ultimately drove them ashore, and nearly cost the little party their lives." Winter was "beginning to show his teeth," and so, after eight weeks of travelling, they were compelled to build huts and make a home for themselves in the bleak waste of snow, still thirteen hundred miles away from Klondyke. Since landing, "they had seen no sign of even savage life, no white trader, nothing to show that any human foot had ever passed that way before. In that stillness, that was like the stillness of death they went up the hillside, with footsteps muffled in the clinging snow; and sixty feet above the great river, in a part of the wood where the timber was least unpromising, they marked out a site for their winter quarters."

The chief interests of the story gather about this little company of five—"a Denver bank clerk, an ex-schoolmaster from Nova Scotia, an Irish-American lawyer from San Francisco, a Kentucky Colonel who had never smelt powder, and 'the Boy' (who was no boy at all, but a man of twenty-two)"—and more especially about the Colonel and the Boy. These two at length separate from the others, and their lonely, terrible nightmare of a journey together on the "long trail," when the privations and hardships they endure reduce them almost to a state of primitive savagery, is a very moving and powerfully presented episode. Life among the Esquimaux; at the Jesuit Mission of the Holy Cross; among the lawless sharks and rugged miners in and around the diggings that are reached at last—it is all written of intimately and with casual illuminating touches such as one uses almost involuntarily in writing of things one has veritably seen and known. The signal merit and irresistible charm of the book is its naturalness, and the increasing interest one is made to feel in its minor as well as in its leading persons. The characterisation everywhere is, indeed, exceptionally good; there are no lay figures; Esquimaux, traders, priests, miners, each man and woman of the story has his or her distinct and sharply differentiated individuality, and the reader is interested in them not because they are units playing their parts in the development of an ingenious plot, but because they are real human beings, and these pages fully and faithfully reflect the hard unconventional lives they live in the white North, on those "unimaginable deserts where the snow lies."

* "The Magnetic North." By Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond). 6s. (Heinemann.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHEEP-STEALERS."*

Mrs. Jacob places her latest story in the first year of last century, and on the east coast of Scotland. Here, by the estuary of the North Lour, stands the old mansion of Whanland, and the opening pages of the book are concerned with the home-coming of Gilbert Speid, the new laird. He has spent most of his life, hitherto, with his father, who has lived self-exiled in Spain since the death of his wife, who died in giving birth to her son. The old laird is dead now, and has left all his property to Gilbert, who has returned to claim his own, and to take up residence among his tenantry. But there is over his life a shadow of which he is dimly conscious, knowing only that it comes upon him through some mystery connected with the mother of whom

* "The Interloper." By Violet Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)

he has no remembrance. Rumour and gossip of this are everywhere about him, and when the secret is at length revealed it has the effect of separating him from Cecilia Raeburn within a day of their plighting their troth to each other, and drives him into exile, as of yore it had driven the man whose name he bears.

Cecilia is the adopted niece of a quaint, kindly, unconventional old spinster, the Lady Eliza Lamont—she owes everything to Lady Eliza, and resolutely breaks off her engagement out of gratitude and an intense affection for her, when she learns that marriage with Gilbert would keenly distress this generous guardian, and must estrange her from her for ever. The stultified, pathetic love-romance of Lady Eliza is delicately and very beautifully suggested; with all her brusqueness and her oddities she holds the reader's sympathies far more strongly than does the moody, dignified, selfish, well-meaning Robert Fullarton, the man who loved her for a brief space long ago and has ever since given her a staunch friendship, never dreaming that she is wasting her life in loving him.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by R. G. Lett, of Olney.*

The Parlour, Cowper House.

"The parlour of world-wide fame, a square room, has two windows (still retaining their shutters) in front, and had formerly, besides the door opening into the hall, two other doors exactly opposite the windows, one opening on to a staircase, the other (now removed) belonging to a cupboard. The chimney is wainscotted, as are the walls for about a yard from the ground. As regards size, the parlour is now the same as it was in Cowper's time, but the door between the parlour and the hall was a couple of yards farther from the street than the present one. The poet's favourite seat in the daytime was at the second window from the front door."—Thomas Wright's "The Loved Haunts of Cowper."

The death of Lady Eliza, as the result of an accident in the hunting field, would seem to remove the one obstacle between Cecilia and happiness; but with her last breath Lady Eliza, mindful of her own long waiting, wins a promise from her that unless Gilbert comes back within a year she will marry young Crauford Fordyce, a man of wealth, heir to a baronetcy, who is still persistently wooing her, though she has twice rejected him. No news coming from Gilbert, and Fordyce being untiring in his attentions, Cecilia is persuaded to yield, at last, in accordance with her promise, and the day for the wedding is fixed. But in a moment of weakness she confesses to Granny Stirk, an admirably drawn old lady, who has a strange liking for the absent laird, that the thought of her marriage is breaking her heart, that she loves Gilbert still, and would break with Fordyce even at the altar if Gilbert only returned in time. Hereupon Granny sets out to find his address and get into communication with him, and, assisted by the excellent, wooden-legged Captain Somerville, she succeeds in doing so. From this point onwards the story is of the struggle between Gilbert's friends to bring him home before the wedding-day, and the machinations of Fordyce and his rascally lawyer, Barclay, to frustrate them. Barclay contrives to keep from Cecilia the knowledge of what is happening; also, on the evening before the fatal day, when the coach on which Gilbert is travelling is expected to arrive at the distant town of Blackport, Barclay bespeaks all the post horses there, and at the intervening inns, with the object of delaying him; and the chapter in which Granny, overhearing him arranging these matters, takes to the snowy, difficult road in her own small pony-cart, and, hotly pursued by Barclay's emissaries, drives to Blackport to meet the laird, and ride back with him directly the belated coach arrives, is a striking and a gallant episode. The end is vividly melodramatic, but it is undeniably effective. The characters are cleverly developed, and the whole story is constructed and written with a charm of style and an understanding of humanity that are no common possessions even among novelists.

The epilogue and the author's prefatory note are entirely superfluous, and they are the more unpardonable because Mrs. Jacob makes it clear that she knows this. In the one she tells us that she puts ordinary English into the mouths of her educated characters, instead of making them speak in "Court Scots," out of consideration for that "tender person the General Reader"; and she mentions that the unnecessary epilogue is written for the enlightenment of that same "vast and ingenuous multitude." This is no excuse for marring the art of the book, and there is a lack of dignity in the adoption of such a superior attitude towards one's public. It savours of arrogance when an author affects to condescend to the "general reader," who, as a fact, has quite sufficient intellect to be able to appreciate good work when it is offered to him; if he has not, so far from assuming superior airs towards him, a novelist should be ashamed to be found writing for him at all. In most cases it would not have been worth while protesting, but in the case of so brilliant and accomplished an author as Mrs. Jacob, one cannot see her deal unjustly by herself in this particular and pass it over as if it did not matter.

Novel Notes.

THE DELIVERANCE. By Ellen Glasgow. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a romance of the Virginian tobacco fields, a story of a great wrong and of a slowly matured vengeance that accomplishes itself, at last, when the man who shaped it has ceased to desire its fulfilment. Christopher Blake was cheated out of his inheritance by Bill Fletcher, who had formerly been his father's overseer, so that he and his mother and sisters are reduced to living on a small farm on the estate that had been presented by the father to Tucker Corbin, an old soldier who was wounded in the Civil War, and who has now returned the gift to his benefactor's family. Here Mrs. Blake, the mother, who has gone blind, keeps up something of state amidst her children and a few negro servants, in pathetic ignorance of the ruin that has come upon her. Meanwhile, Christopher devotes himself to the degradation of young Will Fletcher, old Fletcher's grandson and heir, in whom the old man takes an especial pride. Under Christopher's subtle tuition he develops into a confirmed and besotted drunkard, and marrying in defiance of his grandsire's orders is disinherited, and practically turned adrift. Then, for love of Will's sister Christopher regrets the mischief he has wrought, and sets himself to remedy it, and when, in the heat of a quarrel, Will strikes the old man down and kills him, Christopher helps him to escape, and resolutely takes the crime upon himself. The story has many finely dramatic situations, and is written picturesquely, and with an intimate knowledge of the country and the life it portrays.

The Alcove, Weston Park.

"The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove,
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss."
—"The Task," Bk. I.

PHŒBE IN FETTERS. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins. 6s. (John Murray.)

Without being very profound, this lively novel is a picture in its way of the latest London, from Barnsbury to South Kensington—from the "Maidenhair Club" of girl typewriters and bookkeepers to the "smart" people who live on the rest of us. It is, also, in no disparaging sense, a good book, wholesome, amusing, and clear-minded. Miss Phœbe, the typewriter, has all the feverish charm that goes with high spirits, modern education, portentous ignorance of life, and a weak or soon exhausted character. She is neither vain nor silly; but, while fancying that she understands Ibsen and Maeterlinck, she contrives a situation for herself which, if Donald Gilmour had been an idiot, might have turned out tragically for both. He teaches her a lesson, in the course of which we come to know and admire a strong man—old-fashioned in his conviction that right is right. Gilmour is decidedly interesting. Three of the points for commendation in this little story are: its English, almost always excellent; its defence of marriage as something sacred and indissoluble; its freedom from affectation despite the so-called art of our time. Perhaps the complications at the end, which we never quite believe in, might have been wrought into a form that should correspond with the admirable first chapters. The character-drawing, if sketchy, is true; and the whole effect is exhilarating. Mrs. Reynolds knows our scenery of the Upper Thames, for which we country-folk will thank her. And we like the children.

A CRIMINAL CRŒSUS. By George Griffith. 6s. (John Long.)

The sensational novel nowadays stands no chance unless, in the common phrase, it is "fitted with all modern improvements." The six shilling shocker must embody the latest criminal trial or the newest marvel of science. We hasten therefore to congratulate Mr. Griffith on being the first novelist to realise the possibilities of radium in fiction. To combine radium with wireless telegraphy was a master stroke of invention. Mr. Griffith has an exuberant fancy, and his idea of an underground—or rather under-sea—kingdom, where coining could be carried out on a colossal scale, is presented with such solemnity that we almost believed in it. "A Criminal Crœsus" is as ingenious and plausible as anything Mr. Griffith ever wrote.

THROUGH SORROW'S GATES. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Sutcliffe's work is uneven and his touch is sometimes uncertain, but he is marked off from the ruck of contemporary writers by the dominance of one central idea throughout his book. This idea gives unity and force to the whole, not so much by its novelty as by its persistence. In brief, Mr. Sutcliffe's aim is to bring out the subtle but intimate influence of land and natural surroundings on character. To the townsman, who cannot understand what land means to the countryman, Mr. Sutcliffe's book comes as a revelation. The struggle of the grim, unwearying man against the barrenness of the heath, a struggle in which the "intake" or reclaimed land becomes the all-absorbing object of the man's dream, is finely and forcibly depicted. Mr. Sutcliffe's treatment of the minor characters is hesitating and obscure, but the two central figures stand out boldly against the wild and stern background.

THE MONEY GOD. By J. P. Blake. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Blake has many qualifications for writing of the world of finance. He understands the methods of company promoters, and adds the necessary topical allusion to that form of financial juggling known as "whitewashing." The weakness of "The Money God" lies in the fact that there is no clear central idea. Mr. Blake seems to lack the courage of his convictions, and complicates the issue by introducing irrelevant characters at the critical moments. Just when we were prepared for the struggle between the financier's love for his wife and his passion for money, we find that Mr. Blake has fallen back on the old theme of the man who neglects his charming wife in favour of somebody else's. In fact the "Money God" is pushed into the background at the crisis of the story. If Mr. Blake could only make up his mind and stick to it, he has sufficient command of the technique of the business to do good work.

THE RED LEAGUERS. By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Methuen.)

It was in the days succeeding the South African war, and "now the Saxon was at bay within his ramparts, and the world was crouched, and Ireland had her chance." Mr. Shan F. Bullock, breaking new ground, has given us a very exciting description of how Ireland took that chance, and of how the Papists rose in their numbers and established the short-lived Irish Republic. The particular portion of the campaign set forth in the "Red Leaguers" is concerned with the doings of the Armoy contingent, under the command of the soft-hearted rebel, Captain Shaw. The men of Armoy for a short time had their fill of fighting, and their midnight attack on the quiet Irish village is a piece of descriptive writing that the reader will not easily forget. But the gallant Captain's strategy was of no avail against the waywardness of his lieutenants and the fascination of Leah Hynes; and he fell an easy prey to Ian Farmer, who had apparently made a special study of Boer slimness. In Dublin, things fared no better. In the Assembly at the Rotunda, there were no fewer than fifteen "parties," and the motion to appoint a President was rejected by five votes. The Irish Republic went up like a balloon, and the perfidious Saxon, instead of taking the apparition seriously, waited quietly until it burst by excess of gas. Mr. Bullock has done nothing better than this book. The pitfalls surrounding a subject of this kind are innumerable, but he has escaped them safely, and has achieved a success denied to most of the countless imitators of Sir George Chesney.

OVER THE BORDER. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Isbister.)

Mr. Barr is a past-master of the "sword and cloak" romance, but he does not need to go to any mythical

Ruritania for his material—England at the time of the Cromwellian wars is romantic enough for him. "Over the Border" is mainly concerned with the adventures of the famous Will Armstrong. Armstrong obtains from King Charles a commission authorising the Scots to rise in the Royalist interest. Cromwell learns of his errand, and sends an emissary to "shadow" him on his perilous journey from Oxford to Scotland. The young officer is wounded, and the task is undertaken by his sister, Frances Wentworth, one of Mr. Barr's characteristically charming heroines. Of course she falls in love with the man whose steps she is dogging, and the resulting conflict between love and duty makes up a very pleasant tale. The end of this stirring story, after much excitement, is matrimony. Frances Wentworth is less of an hoyden than most heroines who play a similar part, and it is to be hoped that her adventures had not spoilt her for domesticity. "Over the Border" is full of life and "go"; it is as bright a book as one could come across in a day's march through bookshops.

Weston Lodge.

Cowper's residence from 1786 till 1796.

"You well know that the best house has a desolate appearance unfurnished. This house accordingly, since it has been occupied by us and our *meubles*, is as much superior to what it was when you saw it, as you can imagine. The parlour is even elegant. When I say that the parlour is elegant, I do not mean to insinuate that the study is not so . . . . . and you must always understand, my dear, that when poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart staircase, and three bedchambers of convenient dimensions; in short, exactly such a house as this."—Letter to Lady Hesketh, November 26th, 1786.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. ST. GEORGE By Percy White. 6s. (Nash.)

In "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George" Mr. Percy White writes with the mingling of cynical, epigrammatic flippancy and rather bitter irony that we admire in him more than we like, but he adds to these qualities here a deeper and more compassionate humanity than he has given us reason to expect of him. It is no exaggeration to compare Colonel Foularton, with his modest heroism and ideal simplicity, to Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, and the meeting at the Brighton school between him and his dead friend's orphaned son, Frank Jarvis, is one of the most delicately and unaffectedly pathetic passages we have read for very long—a single touch could have marred the whole thing, but there is not a touch, not a hint too many, and the perfect naturalness of it all is irresistible. The mystery that surrounds Mrs. St. George is cleverly revealed; her love for the child she has deserted, who has been brought up in the belief that she is dead, is everywhere effectively indicated without being overdone; she goes, at last, to visit him at the Brighton school without disclosing her identity, and her visit is fruitful of results. She wins the happiness she desires, but keeps her secret from the honest, simple-hearted Colonel, and when, after marriage, she has grown to love him with an unselfish devotion, she dares not tell him the truth—that she is the disgraced, runaway wife of his old friend, and the boy he has adopted is her son. The truth is discovered to the Colonel by accident, and her unhappy past blots out all the happiness of her present, and by the time the Colonel has reflected and found excuses for her, and is able to pity and forgive her, in her despair she has placed herself beyond reach of his pardon. The subtle complexities of her character are as finely presented as are the splendid simplicities of his, and this romance of theirs gains much by contrast with the shallow, unemotional world through which its course is run. A brilliant piece of work, all the stronger because Mr. White has relaxed something of his customary restraint, and "let himself go" a little on the more human side of things.

STRONG MAC. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The tale of Mr. Crockett's novels continues to increase rapidly, and despite the forebodings of pessimistic critics his inventiveness does not yet begin to show any sign of exhaustion, and his hand has lost nothing of its cunning. He justifies the belief Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere expressed, that the more an author writes the more he *can* write, and so long as his books maintain the high level of his latest we trust he will go on justifying it freely. If "Strong Mac" is not the best novel Mr. Crockett has ever written, it is unquestionably one of the best. From the opening scene, in the schoolroom, where Roy McCulloch, otherwise Strong Mac, steps forward to protect Adora Gracie against the fury of the ruffianly Muckle Sandy, who has felled her father, the old dominie, and turned upon her as she snatched the ash-plant from him and struck him across the face with it—from that thrilling moment onwards every page of the book is full of movement and incident, and never flags until the happy ending of it all is reached. The old dominie is an excellent bit of character drawing. The story is ingeniously contrived; it is written with wonderful freshness and vigour, and is fortunate in being illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES GRANT. By Henry Morris. 12s. net. (Murray.)

Charles Grant was perhaps the greatest director the East India Company ever had, and his term of office coincided with the most important epoch in the making of British India. It stands to reason therefore that his biography should possess great historical interest. But further than this it is the record of a life of the most untiring diligence and the highest integrity, and as such should be a help and an inspiration to many who are now in the great service of which Charles Grant himself was once so distinguished an ornament.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT. By Major Evans Gordon, M.P. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The future of the alien immigrant presents a most serious problem, and one with which our statesmen will have to grapple at no distant date. For the moment it has been thrust into the background by the clamour of the fiscal reformer, but for all that it is a question which is of the very greatest importance to our national well-being. All those who take an

Photo by Charles Aldous, Norwich.

East Dereham Church.

William Cowper died on April 25th, 1800, and was buried in East Dereham Church by the side of Mrs. Unwin.

"Pretty quiet D——, with thy venerable church, in which moulder the mortal remains of England's sweetest and most pious bard."—"Lavengro," by George Borrow.

interest in current politics should not fail to read this book. Major Evans Gordon has visited those portions of Austria, Russia, and Roumania from whence the flood of pauper immigration is pouring into this country, and has studied the question in all its bearings, on the spot. He does not write in any anti-Semitic strain, nor does he lend himself to the hue and cry against the outlander. As he points out, the unrestricted admission of pauper aliens into this country is indefensible not only on account of the injury it inflicts on our own population, but also because of the suffering it imposes on the immigrants themselves. The Hebrew people, owing to the sad conditions under which many of them are living, have acquired what the author calls the Ghetto habit. In all great cities there are Jewish quarters, and it is into these that the alien immigrants crowd. This congestion brings in its train innumerable evils—house famines, rack rents, sweating, and insanitary modes of life. In many cases the immigrants find that they have passed from bad to worse, and whilst they undoubtedly live under conditions of greater civic freedom than in their native land, economically and socially their position is altered to their detriment. The Jewish question is not to be solved by the liberation of the children of Israel from political oppression. The settlement of large Hebrew colonies in Christian countries has never been successful. In America the Jew suffers from no political disabilities, yet there we find the same crowded Ghettos and chronic poverty as in Russia and Poland. The only remedy appears to lie in the abolition of the Ghetto system, and the dispersal of the Hebrew population over the country. Our alien immigrants are not, however, all of the Jewish race, they come to us from every part of Europe. Many of them have left home for their country's good, and have come to our shores to swell the already disproportionate army of foreign thieves and evildoers. Others, again, are stricken with disease, but all are admitted without question. We appear now to have reached a point at which the policy of the open door must be abandoned. It cannot surely be contended that the right of refuge for the distressed alien was ever meant to include the unconditional right of entry for the criminal and waste population of Central Europe. As Major Evans Gordon points out, the adoption of a restrictive system similar to that now in vogue in the United States, would result in a great improvement; for the immigrants, instead of being dumped down at hazard on our shores, would then be subjected to a sifting process by the steamship lines before they started across the seas. We earnestly commend this book to the thoughtful consideration of all who are anxious to see an end put to the horrors of life in the overcrowded quarters of our great cities.

CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS. By Jacob Riis. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Forty short stories and sketches are included in this chronicle of New York slum life, and we gather from a preface that not one of them is invented, and that "nine out of ten of them are just as they came to me fresh from the life of the people." One suspects that in "Little Will's Message," in "The Rent Baby," "The Kid Hangs up his Stocking," and in others Mr. Riis has touched his facts with ideality, but even so they remain true and you can believe in them—which, after all, is the only test that matters. They are transcripts from actual life, written tersely, with a cunning eye to effect, and they are full of the squalor and kindliness, the humour and pathos that brighten and darken the common life as it is actually lived. Mr. Riis knows and is keenly in sympathy with the New York lower-classes; most of us know that his work as a journalist has done much to improve their condition; and in "The Children of the Tenements" he shows us, with rare insight and dramatic power, something of the things he has himself seen. Incidentally, it is interesting just now, when some of us are envying the happy lot of the working poor in America and other countries that are under Protection, to find Mr. Riis, who knows so well what he is talking about, telling us in "The Rent Baby" of how Adam Grunseklag came from Austria to New York to better himself, and learned that "truly much money was made in America, but not by those who paid the rent."

THE ORRERY PAPERS. Edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrery. 2 Vols. 42s. net. (Duckworth.)

The Orrery family is famous both as a literary and as a military race. The first earl was soldier, poet, and playwright, though his title to the notice of posterity rests rather on his military than on his literary achievements. It was he who fought for Charles I., served under Cromwell in Ireland, and then became a staunch supporter of Charles II. The fourth earl was an extremely versatile genius, who was distinguished not only for his diplomatic and warlike services, but also for his literary and scientific attainments. The collection of papers from which the contents of these volumes have been selected was made by the fifth earl, the friend of Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, and is invaluable to the student of the Hanoverian period. Both these sumptuous volumes are adorned by a series of beautiful engraved portraits.

FRENCH PAINTING IN THE XVI. CENTURY. By L. Dimier. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The book is translated from the French, and illustrated by some charming reproductions from original pictures and drawings. It deals, however, with a period when painting in France was comparatively uninteresting. Italy was full of genius. But the French painters remained curiously dull

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

APRIL, 1904.

and insignificant. In fact, the artists whose works remain as a permanent contribution to French Art were all foreigners—either Flemish or Italian. To Clouet belongs the honour of having almost created the fashion for portrait painting in France, but Clouet was not a Frenchman. He came from the low countries in the reign of Francis I., remaining apparently through the patronage of the art-seeking king. Rosso and Primaticcio were both Italians, as were most of the well-known painters belonging to the school of Fontainebleau—for all her quick and sensitive response to beauty, France at this time seeming to have no great creative powers of her own. She was like a connoisseur with an unfailing *flair* for perfect work, but with no personal productive capacity. Chiefly the art of the sixteenth century in France is interesting as being an ardent school of portraiture. Francis I. set the craze, which was further encouraged by Catherine de Medici, and it is in their presentments of human beings that the painters of that time did their best and most attractive work. Many of the big, allegorical subjects are cold and conventional, seemingly done without much feeling or apparent pleasure. But the smaller and more intimate portraits, requiring a less keen and highly-strung imaginative capacity, are nearly always charming, and full of simple and unhampered observation. The Clouets especially, both father and son, did many admirable pictures of their contemporaries, the desire for a good likeness never obscuring the need of delicate line and of a total effect of beauty. The strides made in portrait painting also were very rapid, the drawings of an anonymous painter called "T. D. C." being arrestingly modern in manner and appearance. Indeed, the sketch of a charming woman with soft, smiling lips given in Monsieur Dimier's book, looks as if done in a modern drawing-room. The volume is conscientiously and ably written. The want of vitality in it, is perhaps more due to the matter than to the writer. Intimate or personal knowledge seems to have been unattainable. The artists of the period appear to have left nothing of themselves or their lives behind. In this dearth of quaint revealing incidents, there was nothing but the growth of the art to follow, and that was at best only a chill reflection of the glow and splendour which made Italian painting the wonder of cultured Europe.

THE POEMS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

A new edition of Miss Rossetti's poems seems to ask more than a passing notice. The name in itself, and its indissoluble association with the little group of pre-Raphaelite workers, demands some measure of respect and welcome. Christina Rossetti also, was very far from being a minor poet. Slight as most of her poems are, the wistful humanity that permeates the greater part of them makes their appeal imperishable and wide. She could not do big things. But she did small with an absolute perfectness, that was far more of the soul—because she was a poet through every fibre of her being—than through refinements of technique or workmanship. Her best poems are all simple, with the simplicity that is so much more difficult than any elaboration of expression. Take "The Months: a Pageant," for instance. The words are absolutely ordinary. But the result is a spring-like freshness and gaiety. It rouses, gladdens, seems to carry to one's mind an indefinite beauty, an indefinite and yet penetrating sense of the unceasing joys of existence. As a rule, however, Miss Rossetti's poetry is pitched in a minor key. It is, taken as a whole, the poetry of human plaintiveness and isolation. With an exquisite melody, she voices humanity's incurable loneliness, —humanity's incurable regret and mystification. The bulk of her poems are like so many slow, patient, and half childlike tears—tears allowed to fall not from revolt, but involuntarily through excessive pain. At the same time, in her most melancholy poems there is never exuberance of emotion. Curiously lucid, and persistently natural and restrained, she touches the reader as many greater poets are unable to do. A delicate timidity clings to everything she wrote. Half her charm, in fact, lies in the absence of what one might call the professional quality in her verse. She was essentially a singer, because her soul could not keep absolute silence. All the tragic bye-ways of emotion seemed laid bare to her. She knew them, indeed, as intimate familiar circumstances. The brevity, and the fluidity, of everything haunted her. She refers to it many times as in "At Home," where she says,

> "Their life stood full at blessed noon;
> I, only I, had passed away;
> To-morrow and to-day they cried.
> I was of yesterday."

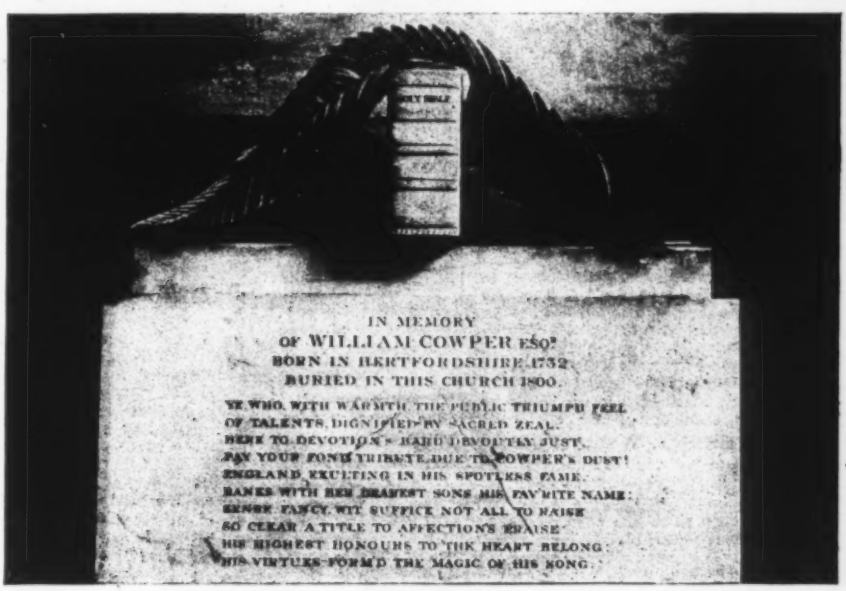
As a piece of heartwrung plaintiveness, however, perhaps she never exceeded the poem, "Another Spring," with the cry, that is almost unbearable in its suppressed anguish, and which ends with:

> "If I might see another Spring,
> I'd laugh to-day, to-day is brief;
> I would not wait for anything:
> I'd use to-day that cannot last,
> Be glad to-day and sing."

Could anything have more power than the simple line, "I would not wait for anything"? But though, owing to the serious illnesses that devastated Miss Rossetti's health, she lived too near the tragic side of existence ever to forget it for long, she had outbursts of a charming if tremulous gaiety, and some of her lighter work is full of radiance and colour. The present volume is comprehensive, but the classification of the poems made seems too slight to be adequate. Divided into a greater number of groups the different sections would have more individual power upon the reader. In the case of poetry there is always a considerable advantage in not having too much on a page. The eloquence stands out in so much greater clarity for not being massed in crowds.

THE PSALMS IN HUMAN LIFE. By Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. (John Murray.)

"When the pages of some ancient brown-bound volume are turned, there flutters from between the leaves the withered petal of a rose. The flower is faded, dry, scentless; but it has imprinted something of its shape and colour on the pages between which it has been pressed. . . There is scarcely a leaf in the Psalter which is not stained by some withered


IN MEMORY
OF WILLIAM COWPER ESQ?
BORN IN HERTFORDSHIRE 1732
BURIED IN THIS CHURCH 1800
YE WHO WITH WARMTH THE PUBLIC TRIUMPH FEEL
OF TALENTS DIGNIFIED BY SACRED ZEAL
HERE TO DEVOTION'S HARD DEVOUTLY JUST
PAY YOUR FOND TRIBUTE DUE TO COWPER'S DUST!
ENGLAND EXULTING IN HIS SPOTLESS FAME
RANKS WITH HER BRAVEST SONS HIS FAVRITE NAME:
GENIUS FANCY WIT SUFFICE NOT ALL TO RAISE
SO CLEAR A TITLE TO AFFECTIONS PRAISE
HIS HIGHEST HONOURS TO THE HEART BELONG:
HIS VIRTUES FORM'D THE MAGIC OF HIS SONG.

Photo, R. W. Howes, East Dereham. **Cowper's Tomb at East Dereham.**

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish."
—"Cowper's Grave," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

flower of the past. To gather some of these petals and read their meaning, as they fall thick from the pages, has been the purpose of this book." In fulfilling this purpose Mr. Prothero has traced the use of the Psalms through history, and has very strikingly exhibited the confidence and strength, the courage and hope with which they have inspired the great actors on the stage of human life. Each chapter is devoted to a special period in the history of Christendom; the Middle Ages, the Huguenots, the Puritans, and others are adduced in succession, and all are found to pay their tribute to the Psalms. In their words the men who have most intensely entered into the strife which has marked every advance, have found fittest expression for their aspirations, their anxieties, their despair, and their hope. Were it only judged as a history of the most critical periods in European Christianity and in the fortunes of our own Empire, the book would deserve recognition. For Mr. Prothero has great knowledge and consummate literary skill. The additional interest afforded by the reference to the Psalms gives the book a very high value indeed. It ought to become a great favourite with all who prize the Psalter. And for those who wish to make a thorough study of a very fascinating subject Mr. Prothero has provided an excellent bibliography and a perfect Index. The Index and Appendix, as well as the body of the book, show from what an extraordinarily wide range of literature Mr. Prothero has drawn his illustrations.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

An entirely original idea is contained in Mr. Guy Thorne's volume, **When it Was Dark** (6s.), which we were able to notice only very briefly in an earlier issue. The first part tells of a discovery made in Palestine during the officially-conducted excavations there, the discovery of an inscription, written by Joseph of Arimathea, proving that the Resurrection of Christ was false. The motive of the whole book is to prove the awfulness of life, and the inevitable downfall of the world if this were true, if Christ's figure, and the hope of a hereafter, were withdrawn from us all. The situation, as may be imagined, is one of the widest importance and deepest significance, and Mr. Thorne has shown with bald truth and striking realism, facts that would happen, conditions that would arise, work that would be valueless, natures that would be ruined, if that one inscription of four lines carved in stone, were an actuality. This is a book which gives food for thought; it is a strong lesson, calculated to stir men and women to a sense of their common blessings and responsibilities. The man in the shop, the woman in the home, as well as the stirrer-up of strife, and the preacher in the pulpit, will be the better for the study of this volume, and the issues it suggests.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

The fifth and, we suppose, concluding volume of Dr. Franck Bright's **History of England** (4s. 6d.) is concerned with twenty-one years, which, diplomatically, nationally, certainly imperially, have been fraught with significance and importance—the years from 1880 to 1901. We are very close yet to that historical halting-place, the death of Queen Victoria, but we can already, with regretful eyes, look back upon a roll of great statesmen who were of that period and are not of this. The close of that reign, as Dr. Bright says, was not only "in itself something of an era," but it has meant also a "real change of scene." History at home and abroad during all those years was being chiefly moulded by two men—Gladstone and Salisbury, and the historian names it the Period of Imperial Reaction. Difficult though his task has been, he has accomplished it broadly, sanely, and with an admirable sense of just proportion.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

In **An Inarticulate Genius** (6s.) Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge made a fine start. In a wide, leisurely manner he began to tell the story of the Murteen family, and we glowed with pleasure as we settled down to what was to follow, realising that in this writer lay a power not to be guessed at from his skit on "Elizabeth." Mr. Trowbridge's strength, however, is not yet reliable; the whole of his novel is not equal to its parts—especially its first part. The idea is well imagined, and there is much in the book to be proud of; it is in the actual proving of the "inarticulate genius" that he falls to an inferior style of conception, construction, and expression.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

The American "strong man" is the main feature of Mr. Dwight Tilton's new book, **On Satan's Mount** (6s.). The American "strong man" is not the athlete, or the soldier; he is the man who, from a poor and generally obscure youth, makes his way to the front by sheer business capacity, and then sinks every other idea or hope or emotion in the struggle to be a power. In commerce, in politics, and through them, in society, he must be a power, able to crush, to command, to sway. Mr. Tilton shows us many men in their various climbs towards power, shows them clearly, tensely, unmercifully. It is a book of wide interests, introducing us as intimately to the President as to the labour-classes; revealing flaws in the free-born American, but none in his wife and daughter.

Mr. Tom Gallon has forsaken his tender, pretty, "apostle of Christmas" style for the time, and in **Jarwick the Prodigal** (6s.) presents the ruthless narrative of a period in the life of a hardened criminal. Yet even with such a subject Mr. Gallon's heart melts towards the end, and we find that the hardened criminal, black-hearted though he is, can do a good deed or two. Jarwick was cradled in crime, and tutored by a blind father, whose evil nature and diabolically clever methods kept his own skin sound and his body at liberty; but Jarwick made an occasional blunder, and this book tells of a wild week in his life.

Esau (3s. 6d.), Mr. Joseph Hocking's new story, is concerned with the redemption of a dissolute young man by means of the charity and good sense of an old local preacher in Cornwall. The narrative is simple, and will appeal to scores of readers. A second story, equally simple and what we term "wholesome," is included in the volume.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The best memorial of *The British and Foreign Bible Society* is unquestionably its own ever-increasing power for good; but another memorial is that which Mr. William Canton has prepared to mark the centenary of the great institution, **The Story of the Bible Society** (6s.), in which he tells of its history from the first suggestion for it, made by a Baptist minister, in a counting-house at Old Swan Stairs, near London Bridge, to this present year of rejoicing over its world-wide success. Stories of the gradual growth of the undertaking, of the experiences of the colporteurs, of the striking work of little children, of martyrdom, of persistent courage, of triumph, decorate these pages with their own genuine beauty and Mr. Canton's felicitous literary style. No better pleader than this book could be sent to the apathetic and callous.

MESSRS. J. NISBET AND CO.

As it is the privilege of every creditable biography to make the world wiser by one more picture of life, in Mr. Reginald Farrar's biography of his father, **The Life of Frederic William Farrar** (6s. net.), the picture is mainly one of enthusiastic righteousness and unaffected chivalry and charity towards fellow-creatures. From school-boy to Dean, we follow this strenuous, broad-souled character; and if throughout the chapters we find an affectionate rather than a critical biography, this is what was needed just a year after Dean Farrar's death, when his personality is still strong among us.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

A reader remarked the other day, "American books worry me; one never knows what class one is reading about." There is, for such a reader, a decided "worry" in Miss Margery Williams's novel, **The Price of Youth** (6s.); but for those who are able to enjoy, without defining the limits of class, this story will be a genuine pleasure, chiefly by reason of its clever characterisation, and its bright, natural dialogue. We may puzzle a little over "class" when the rather wild daughter of a not-too-respectable keeper of a drink-saloon makes such remarks as, "They suggest local character. You needn't apologise. The analogy is so obvious." But the quiet revealing of the character of this girl, half-tainted by her coarse surroundings, and of the rather superior young man, so relentlessly commonplace, although, unconsciously almost hiding the fact, so unquestionably inferior to the girl in reality, is an extremely good piece of work.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

A big volume of modern theatrical gossip comes to us from the versatile pen of Mrs. Alec Tweedie. It is called **Behind the Footlights,** and it costs 18s. net. Anecdotes and chit-chat about almost every well-known actor and actress on the English stage are given in generous measure and lively vein, and photographs of many are included. It is, indeed, a chronicle of somewhat "small-beer," and some details are given which seem unnecessary—as that Mrs. Tree's elbows were on her dining-room table in Sloane Street as she read and re-read "The Absent-Minded Beggar;" that George Alexander was going, with razors to be ground in London, by the very train by which Mrs. Tweedie was taking a gun to be mended. But it is a readable compilation for those who like to learn details of public characters when they have washed off their paint.

The tercentenary of Blundell's famous school (June, 1904) is a fitting occasion for which to issue such a volume as Mr. F. J. Snell's **Early Associations of Archbishop Temple** (6s. net), which knits together a pleasing account of the beautiful country, the grand old school, and the younger days of one of its most famous scholars. The account is one of intense and three-fold interest; and whether we read of the noble Blackdown Range, or the school which from its far corner has sent forth heroes to all the ends of the earth, or of the strenuous, manly, entirely human boy, Temple, we feel the spirit of the country, the straightforward geniality of it, on every page. All Blundellians—all Devonians—indeed, all who admire an honest man, should read the book.

American writers, who have grown a little tired of their war as a subject for fiction, seem to have gone over in a body to commerce and politics for inspiration, and they find it there (the inspiration), and they make remarkably good use of their material. In **The Mills of God** (6s.) we have an unusually good specimen of the American political novel, by Mr. Philip Payne, an author who, with quite exceptional success, handles big events and persons, and makes all as entirely real as one's own everyday life with twenty times the colour, finish, and excitement. Mr. Payne's restraint in his delineation of Mrs. Corlis, the wife of a strong politician, a woman who has but six months to live and knows it, is as admirable as it was unlikely. This is a book to be read.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell's volume, **Old Shropshire Life** (6s.), gives in the form of fiction old superstitions and legends of the country about Much Wenlock. As fiction, the work does not

touch a particularly high level, but the book is welcome for its intrinsic worth, containing as it does songs, illustrations of beautiful houses and ruins of the neighbourhood, and a most interesting glossary. They do well who preserve such matters.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

A rough, brutal emigrant, journeying through the desert with his first wife, a delicate girl of nineteen, and his second, a stalwart creature, for whose sake he has become a Mormon, driven to desperation by the hampering effects of the exhausted woman and overdriven horses, exchanges the first wife for a team of fresh horses, and leaves her with her three-week-old baby at a miner's camp. This is the prologue of **To-morrow's Tangle,** by Geraldine Bonner (6s.), and it is almost idyllic. The rest of the story is concerned with quick, adventurous Californian life and enterprise, and the dogging, inevitable results of those early happenings. Miss Bonner's tale, while exciting, and full of strong situations and emotions, is carefully written and never melodramatic.

The Professor, in Miss Winifred Graham's new novel, **Angels and Devils, and Man** (6s.), had the power of probing the minds of his fellow men and women, not by mere intellectual insight, but by a very important scientific discovery he had made. The result is helpful or embarrassing, according to the worth or worthlessness of the fellow man or woman. It is in seemingly small points that Miss Graham shows her best ability—not in situations which touch on the melodramatic, but in a dilemma such as that in which Lady Livingstone finds herself, when the world expects her to be hospitable to a niece for whose society she has no desire. In the matter of this obsession the author is simple and effective.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

The haunting charm of Rome is well conveyed in the sympathetically written "Little Guide" of Mr. C. G. Ellaby. **Rome** (3s.) professes to be a help to those who have not time to read tomes, yet are anxious to know the origin, the why and wherefore, of Rome's old and enduring beauties. It unquestionably fulfils this idea. The descriptions of the antiquity and the present state of the architecture and the country are sensibly and agreeably blended; and with the practical aid of the guide-book is combined the information of scholar and artist. We know these "Little Guides" well, and for handiness and excellence of general plan, they are hard to beat. Of the many charming illustrations, Mr. B. C. Boulter's "Via Appia" is to us the most definitely alluring; the one we question is that facing p. 243; here drawing or engraving seems to leave something to be desired.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing is nothing if not "plotty" in her novels, and **A King's Desire** (6s.) gives unusually good measure of schemings, intrigues, and the result of both. The story is concerned with the matrimonial differences of Prince Heinrich of Altenstadt and Princess Helene. The Princess leaves her somewhat notorious husband, and lives a retired life in England with her son. The death of the Crown Prince alters the position of this boy and places him in near succession to the throne. The attempts to get the boy from his mother, and the exciting and unexpected results of this and other connections, are quite enough to give Mrs. Gowing a good opportunity for well-sustained drama.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A readable story of a mysterious murder is written by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, and named **The Holladay Case** (3s. 6d.). As is generally the case with this class of fiction, the dramatic quality of the story is of more importance than the literary finish, and Mr. Stevenson tells it straightly enough, with no attempt at ornament. We do not wish to give away the plot, so will merely remark that the teller is an American, and that of the solicitors for the defence, one is honeymooning in the last chapter, and another is making subtly expressed proposals—which are intelligently understood.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH.

A story, particularly full of incident, of the period when Garrick trod the stage, and the mode of travelling was by coach, with all the dangers of highwaymen, has been written by Mr. Amyot Sagon, and is called **The Indiscretions of My Lady Palgrave** (6s.). My Lady Palgrave gambles, forges, is faithless to my Lord Palgrave (who is found mysteriously killed one day), and even brings up her own lovely daughter from the country and marries her to the real murderer of her father. The story is written with vigour and a keen eye for an exciting situation, and is a capital one for a dull day or a tedious journey. "Indiscretions," however, seems to us to be a mild and charitable word for the case.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

There are some kinds of books they write better in America than we do over here, and **Myra of the Pines,** by Herman K. Viele (6s.), is one. The very air, country, and habits of life make possible there a style which could not be quite possible here. Humorous, trenchant, exquisitely coloured, with quiet hours and dramatic moments, with genial cynicism (this, too, seems a possibility in America), and a few tender moments, the story of the inventive father, the mother who wrote for the "Inglenook," the pretty, shabby, amused and amusing daughter, all poor, and their life "eight miles from Thebes," among the pines, is one to be read for its genuine cleverness, brightness, and worth.

It would seem that Mr. A. G. Hales holds a brief for the Jews; at least, that is the impression left on a reader of his new Russian novel, **The Watcher on the Tower** (6s.). The persecution and abuse of the Jews, their patience, nobility, and pertinacity are strongly insisted on in this forceful, fervent, and sincere story. The power of the Jew throughout the world is clearly demonstrated; and in a tale of plot and adventure, passing from generation to generation, Mr. Hales more than justifies the existence of an extraordinary people. His book will be on all counters in Ghetto-land.

Reprints and New Editions.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

"Clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound." Ruskin's own words as to what a book should be, have been faithfully followed by Mr. George Allen in the new Pocket Edition of the complete works of this great art critic and philosopher. Two of the most attractive of the volumes are now first published—**Sesame and Lilies,** and **The Crown of Wild Olive** (2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net each). In tasteful, sober binding; clear, restful type, and good paper; with the prefaces of the earlier connected series, these volumes form an ideal handy edition for constant use.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

In the crowded field of reprints Mr. Foulis need not fear comparison with the best yet produced. His **Library of English Prose** opens with a very handsome edition of the first series of the Essays of Elia, beautifully printed in old English letter on specially made paper, and richly decorated throughout. The volume is issued in various styles of binding. The copy before us—a marvel of cheapness at half-a-crown—is tastefully bound in brown boards, with pink leather title, and the result is very effective and original. There is a short and admirably written introduction by Mr. C. D. O. Barrie, who, we understand, is a nephew of Mr. J. M. Barrie.

From the same publisher we have received a no less tastefully appointed selection from Tennyson—the first of a series, entitled The Best of British Poetry. Both editor and publisher are to be congratulated.

New Books of the Month.

FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, LYMAN.—The Other Room, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Melrose)

Author of "The Catholic Church from Within." A Short Cut to Happiness. Preface by Rev. B. W. Maturin. 2s. 6d. net (Sands and Co.)

BALMFORTH, RAMSDEN.—The Bible, from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism, 3s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)

Mr. Balmforth's motive in this volume is to bring the results of the long study and search and thought of those scholars who have devoted themselves to the "higher criticism," within the reach of the many—indeed, to help it to become familiar in itself and to be an inducement to a far more frequent, serious, and interested reading of the Bible by all classes and ages. At this period Mr. Balmforth also suggests the need for a re-editing of the Holy Scriptures.

BULL, REV. PAUL.—The Missioner's Handbook. The "Parson's Handbook" Series. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN, M.A.—The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World, 2s. net ... (Philip Green)

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE.—The Persistence of Hell, 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

CONGREVE, REV. GEORGE, M.A.—The Parable of the Ten Virgins. Addresses given in Retreat. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net ..... (Mowbray)

DANIEL, REV. EVAN, M.A.—Nearer to God. A Manual of Devotions for the Young. 6d. net ..... (Wells Gardner)

DEARMER, PERCY, M.A.—Loyalty to the Prayer Book, 2d. (Mowbray)

HARPER, REV. J. WILSON, D.D.—The Post-Exilic Prophets. Temple Bible Handbooks. 9d. net ..... (Dent)

HOLTZMANN, OSCAR, D.D.—The Life of Jesus. Translated by J. T. Bealby, B.A., and Maurice A. Canney, M.A. 15s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

HORTON, ROBERT F.—Our Marching Orders (Religious Tract Society)

MILLER, J. R., D.D.—Our New Edens, and Other Meditations, 3s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

MILLIGAN, GEORGE, B.D.—The Twelve Apostles. Temple Bible Handbooks. 9d. ..... (Dent)

Parochialia. Compiled by Vernon Staley, 2s. 6d. net ... (Mowbray)

There will be fewer deplorably dull parish magazines if this collection of practical and pertinent articles is studied by the editors. As well as papers on definite Church subjects, there are miscellaneous, kindred writings, short and pithy, anecdotes and lessons. Any of these may be reproduced, if desired; but the reading of them should in any case infuse some brightness and vigour into future parish papers.

Protestant Dictionary, A. Edited by Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., M.A., Ph.D., and Rev. Charles Neil, M.A. With Plates and Illustrations. 15s. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

STONE, DARWELL.—The Discipline of Faith. Sermons and Addresses. 3s. 6d. ..... (Brown, Langham and Co.)

SWAYNE, REV. W. S., M.A.—The Psalm of the Saints, 2s. net (Wells, Gardner)

A wholesome volume of addresses on the sufferings of Christ, especially suitable for the Lenten season. The writer shows a keen understanding of human needs and traits; at the same time, he deprecates a religion made too popular, *too* easy, "religion with the sternness of the Cross left out." All classes would be the better and stronger for a reading and re-reading of this book.

NEW EDITIONS.

Bible, The Century.—Kings. Introduction. Revised Version. Notes, Map. Edited by John Skinner, D.D. 2s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

DYER, REV. A. SAUNDERS, M.A., F.S.A.—Sketches of English Nonconformity, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Mowbray)

GARDNER, PERCY, Litt.D.—A Historic View of the New Testament, 6d. ..... (A. and C. Black)

MOHIT CHANDRA SEN, M.A.—The Elements of Moral Philosophy. Revised. 3s. 6d. ..... (John Murray)

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY.—Sermons for Festivals. Edited by Vernon Staley. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Mowbray)

St. Augustine, The Confessions of. Edited by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie)

No better Easter gift could be chosen than this beautifully, yet soberly, produced edition of St. Augustine's vivid, finely-written thoughts and experiences. Canon Beeching has written an appreciative and illuminating introduction to the little volume, which forms one of Messrs. Blackie's famous Red Letter Library.

STEPHEN, SIR LESLIE, K.C.B.—An Agnostic's Apology, 6d. (Watts and Co.)

TOLSTOY, LEO.—The Kingdom of God is Within You. Edited by A. C. F. and T. F. M. ..... (The Free Age Press)

FICTION.

BILSE, LIEUT.—Life in a Garrison Town, 6s. ..... (John Lane)

BLISSETT, NELLIE K.—The Bindweed, 6s. ..... (Constable)

BODKIN, M. McD.—Patsey, the Omadaun, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)

BONNER, GERALDINE.—To-morrow's Tangle, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

BULLOCK, SHAN F.—The Red Leaguers, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

BURGIN, G. B.—The Land of Silence, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)

CROCKETT, S. R.—Strong Mac, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DELANNOY, BURFORD.—M. R. C. S. Illustrated (Ward, Lock and Co.)

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—Room Five. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)

DUNBAR, ALDIS.—The Sons o' Cormac. Illustrated. 6s. (Longmans)

FARADAY, L. WINIFRED, M.A.—The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge. Translated for the first time. 4s. net ..... (David Nutt)

Miss Faraday has done some beautiful work in this translation of the old Irish prose-epic, "Tain Bo Cuailnge." She has retained in a quite notable manner the spirit, strength, and poetry of the original.

FARRAR, W. H.—Three Lives and a Love, 6s. ... (Henry J. Drane)

Mr. Farrar has talent for conceiving striking situations; he also achieves some good running comment of a terse, smart nature. The main theme of his novel is the love of a clever, likeable grocer's son for the daughter of the rector of high pedigree; but the set-off of deceptions, murder, false accusation, and succession of misfortunes turn this comparatively mild *motif* into a campaign of excitement. Mr. Farrar needs to learn restraint and the hinging of events, but that he is alert and at ease with his pen is evident.

FITZGERALD, G. BERESFORD.—A Faithful Love, 6s. (Digby, Long)

GALLON, TOM.—Jarwick, the Prodigal, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Deliverance, 6s. ..... (Constable)

GORDON, SAMUEL.—Unto Each Man His Own, 6s. (Heinemann)

GOWING, MRS. AYLMER.—A King's Desire, 6s. ... (John Long)

GREEN, ANNA KATHERINE.—The Filigree Ball, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING.—The Sword in the Air. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

HALES, A. G.—The Watcher on the Tower, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)

HOCKING, JOSEPH.—Esau, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

JACOB, VIOLET.—The Interloper, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

KELLETT, E. E.—Birds of a Feather, 3s. 6d. ..... (Arrowsmith)

A laughter-provoking sequence of school-boy stories; "episodes in the life of Hoppy and Sloppy." The wiles of these exasperating friends, their high-handed proceedings at the school literary society, at games, at punishments, at everything, are among the funniest things of the sort we have read for years.

MEADE, L. T.—The Lady Cake-Maker, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

MITCHELL, EDMUND.—The Despoilers, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

There is much to be said for the real "thriller" when it is well done. Mr. Mitchell here gives us, in the story of a lost will, a book of excitement which is of a satisfying length, and may be taken seriously. Rio de Janeiro is the scene, and the actors good and bad, those who search and those who hinder, are ranged picturesquely, and do their work with most engrossing vicissitudes. Dramatic and strong, "The Despoilers" may be termed.

PAIN, BARRY.—The One Before, 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

PAYNE, J. W.—The King's Beadle, 6s. ..... (Foulis, Edin.)

PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM.—The Master-Rogue. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

ROBINS, ELIZABETH (C. E. Raimond).—The Magnetic North, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

SAGON, AMYOT.—The Indiscretions of My Lady Palgrave, 6s. (Arrowsmith)

STEVENSON, BURTON E.—The Holladay Case, 3s. 6d. (Harpers)

VIELE, HERMAN K.—Myra of the Pines, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)

WALTZ, ELIZABETH CHERRY.—Pa Gladden, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

WHITE, PERCY.—The Triumph of Mrs. St. George, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

WILLIAMS, MARGERY.—The Price of Youth, 6s. ... (Duckworth)

WILLIAMSON, MRS. C. N.—The Turnstile of Night, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Blackie)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—David Copperfield. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Blackie)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Great Expectations, and Hard Times. Introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan)

GABORIAN, EMILE.—In Deadly Peril, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

GREEN, A. K.—Hand and Ring, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

GUNTER, A. C.—The Fighting Troubadour, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)

MEADE, L. T.—The Sorceress of the Strand, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)

MUNRO, ALICK.—A Woman of Wiles, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Kenilworth, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

THACKERAY, W. M.—Lovel, the Widower, and Other Stories and Sketches. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

THACKERAY, W. M.—The Book of Snobs, and Sketches and Travels in London. World's Classics. 1s. net (Grant Richards)

TOLSTOY, LEO.—King Assarhadon, and Other Stories, 6d. net (Free Age Press)

WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE AYLWIN.—World's Classics, 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BUCKLEY, RAMSDEN.—The Lyre of Lectulus, 1s. net (C. W. Daniel)

CRANMER-BYNG, L.—The Odes of Confucius (The Orient Press, E.C.)

GORE-BOOTH, EVA.—Unseen Kings, 2s. 6d. net ... (Longmans)

An Irish drama of the past, when warriors and enchantments made the earth picturesque and terrible. Miss Gore-Booth's lines are stately and melodious, decorated with the apt, uncommon word, and at times tense with tumultuous feeling.

MATHAMS, REV. WALTER J., F.R.G.S.—Please, It's Me, and Other Ballad Rhymes ..... (Foulis, Edin.)

MOORE, T. STURGE.—The Gazelles, and Other Poems, 1s. net (Duckworth)

MYERS, ERNEST.—Gathered Poems, 5s. net ..... (Macmillan)

RAIN, REV. THOMAS, M.A.—Browning for Beginners, 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

Of real help to all readers of Browning's poetry, who love it, but do not know it well. Mr. Rain has given the unhurried thought of years to the deeper meaning of the poet's work, and his conclusions are honest and interesting as his taste is good. Withal, we do not go quite all the way with Mr. Rain. "Browning is little of a consoler: he rather helps us to keep well than medicines us when we are sick." This may be so of his longer, more planned and executed work; but there are lines in his simpler poems which reveal almost with a shock of sympathy that Browning knew the deeps of sorrow and despair, even if knowledge is but implied.

RIHANI, AMEEN F.—The Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala, 5s. net (Grant Richards)

WARD, REV. F. W. ORDE (F. Harold Williams).—The Prisoner of Love, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)

Mr. Orde understands the needs of his generation, and in this intelligent volume of daily poems he offers fundamental truths in fresher forms than they have been offered before. It is a genuine accomplishment to have written between three and four hundred poems satisfying to modern minds, faithful to old beliefs, and at the same time dignified, fervent, inspiring, and containing that sort of personal touch—call it intimate understanding—which we remember in this writer's earlier volume.

NEW EDITIONS.

Byron, The Works of Lord. Edited by E. Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Illustrated. Vol. VII. Poetry. 6s. ..... (John Murray)

Catullus, The Poems of Gaius Valerius. English Translation. By Francis Warre Cornish, M.A. 7s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)

Coridon's Song, and Other Verses. From Various Sources. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Introduction by Austin Dobson. 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)

Homer, The Odyssey of, in English Verse. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. 6s. net ..... (Macmillan)

Nero, and Other Plays. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by H. P. Horne, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, and A. W. Verity. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

SHAKESPEARE.—Henry IV. Part I. Edited by Frederick W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D. Warwick Edition. 1s. 6d. (Blackie)

Tennyson's Poems. 1830—1859. Thin Paper Classic. 3s. 6d. net (Newnes)

WATSON, WILLIAM.—Wordsworth's Grave. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. Flowers of Parnassus Series. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BARRY, WILLIAM.—Newman. Illustrated. Literary Lives Series. 3s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

BATEMAN, CHARLES T.—John Clifford, M.A., B.Sc., LL.B., D.D. ..... (Memorial Hall, E.C.

Blake's Historical Charts. No. I.—General Chart of English History. No. II.—Contemporary European Rulers. 1s. 6d. and 9d. ..... (Blake, Sheffield)

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

Korea.

By **ANGUS HAMILTON.** 15s. net.

THIRD IMPRESSION.

Spectator.—"**A full and lucid account of modern Korea. . . . The best map of Korea that has yet been published. Will be valued as one of the most trustworthy documents we possess.**"

All the Russias.

Travels and Studies of Contemporary Conditions and Problems in European Russia, Finland, Siberia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. By **HENRY NORMAN, M.P.** With many Illustrations and Maps. New Edition. 18s. net.

The World's History.

Edited by **Dr. H. F. HELMOLT.** With an Introductory Essay by the Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

Vol. II. OCEANIA, EASTERN ASIA, and THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Cloth, 15s. net: half bound, 21s. net.

English Literature.

An Illustrated Record.

By **RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.,** and **EDMUND GOSSE, M.A., LL.D.**

Small imperial 8vo, in cloth, £3 net, or in half morocco, £4 4s. net the set. Volumes in cloth may be had separately at 16s. net until on and after May 1st, when these volumes will be supplied in sets only.

A beautifully illustrated booklet will be sent post free on application.

In the Palaces of the Sultan.

By **ANNA BOWMAN DODD.** 16s. net.

The author gives a very interesting and vivid account of her stay in Constantinople, and of her visits to the Sultan's numerous palaces.

Real Conversations.

By **WILLIAM ARCHER.** With Portraits. 6s. net.

Mr. Archer had the happy idea of recording actual talks with prominent people of the day on varied subjects touching life at many interesting points. Thus we get the views on Life, Litrrature, and Art of such prominent thinkers as Thomas Hardy, A. W. Pinero, Lucas Malet, Professor Masson, etc., etc

THE THREE NOVELS OF THE YEAR.

The Magnetic North.

By **ELIZABETH ROBINS** (C. E. Raimond). 6s.

Author of "The Open Question."

Standard.—"A work of genius. This is a large word, but nothing short of genius would bring such unfamiliar matter home to inexperienced imagination. It is not quite like any other book."

W. L. COURTNEY, in the *Daily Telegraph.*—"A very remarkable piece of work. . . . 'The Magnetic North' lives because it is real"

The Interloper.

By **VIOLET JACOB.** 6s.

Author of "The Sheepstealer."

Times.—"We have seldom read a more natural tale, . . . there is almost everything in the story to make it pleasant to read."

The Spectator.—"Mrs. Jacob is to be doubly congratulated on 'The Interloper'—first, on having written a singularly interesting and attractive story; and, second, on having maintained the high standard of excellence achieved in 'The Sheepstealers.'"

Uriah the Hittite.

By **DOLF WYLLARDE.** 6s.

Author of "The Story of Eden."

The scene for the larger part of the story is laid in a small island off the East Coast of Africa, where a British garrison finds it difficult to console itself for its isolation with the knowledge that it is helping to defend a corner-stone of the edifice of Empire. Left to itself it becomes the scene of as thrilling a romance of passion as is to be found in fiction.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

The Bondage of the Pen

Slow, slower than the rush of Thought—
And the Pen lags behind, letting the rapid Thought escape.

Be Free!

Remington Freedom

awaits the user of the Remington Typewriter.

Remington Typewriter Company,
100, Gracechurch Street, E.C.,
263, Oxford Street, W. *(West End Branch).*

BUTLER & TANNER
LETTERPRESS
PRINTERS

The Selwood Printing Works
Frome

London Office
40 ST ANDREWS HILL E.C

Telegraphic Addresses { SELWOOD FROME / TYPENHAFT LONDON

Telephones { FROME No. 4 / LONDON No. 6168 BANK

BUTLER & TANNER LETTERPRESS PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS' BOOKBINDERS, undertake the complete production of Books, Magazines, Catalogues and Pamphlets, in one or more colours by the most modern methods, and are always pleased to submit specimen pages, estimates and samples of their workmanship.

BRIGHT, REV. J. FRANCK, D.D.—A History of England. Period V. Imperial Re-action. Victoria, 1880—1901. Maps and Plans. 4s. 6d. ..... (Longmans)
CANTON, WILLIAM.—The Story of the Bible Society. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (John Murray)
COLVILLE, MRS. ARTHUR.—Duchess Sarah: Social History of the Times of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Illustrated. 18s. net ..... (Longmans)
DOWDEN, EDWARD.—Robert Browning, 4s. 6d. net ..... (Dent)
ELLABY, C. G.—Rome. Illustrated. Little Guides Series. 3s. (Methuen)
FARRAR, REGINALD.—The Life of Frederic William Farrar, Sometime Dean of Canterbury, 6s. net ..... (Nisbet)
GASKELL, LADY CATHERINE MILNES.—Old Shropshire Life. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (John Lane)
GOODLIFFE, W., M.A.—Littlehampton and Arundel. Homeland Handbook. 6d. net ..... (24, Bride Lane, E.C.)
GORDON, GEN. JOHN B.—Reminiscences of the Civil War. Portraits. 16s. net ..... (Constable)
GOURGAUD, GENERAL BARON.—Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena. Translated, with Notes, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. 7s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
HILL, CONSTANCE.—Juniper Hall. Illustrated. 21s. net (John Lane)
HODGES, GEORGE, D.D.—Fountains Abbey, 10s. 6d. net (John Murray)
HOWE, MAUD, AND FLORENCE HOWE HALL.—Laura Bridgman. Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
KASASIS, NEOCLES.—Hellenism and Macedonia, 6d. (Keith Thomas, Tudor Street, E.C.)
KNOWLSON, T. SHARPER.—Leo Tolstoy, 2s. 6d. (F. Warne and Co.)
LE BLOND, MRS. AUBREY (Mrs. Main).—Adventures on the Roof of the World. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
NEWMARCH, ROSA.—Henry J. Wood, 2s. 6d. net ... (John Lane)

It is pleasing to find the first volume of Mr. Lane's new series, *Living Masters of Music*, devoted to so public-spirited, talented, and thoroughly British a musician as Mr. Wood; and Miss Newmarch has welded her material into a praiseworthy example of that difficult task, the biography of a living man. We learn that Mr. Wood comes from musical stock, is astonishingly young for his wide, firm reputation, and the work he has carried out, and we get a critical, sympathetic account of his musical history. The series should be welcome as it is educational.

NORIE, W. DRUMMOND.—The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Vol. 3. Illustrated. 25s. net (Caxton Publishing Co.)
PEARCE, E. H.—The Sons of the Clergy. 1655—1904. 5s. net (John Murray)
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE, K.C.V.O., F.R.S.—Ireland in the New Century, 5s. net ..... (John Murray)
RAWNSLEY, REV. H. D.—Flower-Time in the Oberland. Illustrated. 5s. net ..... (MacLehose, Glasgow)

A tempting book is Canon Rawnsley's chronicle of his holiday in Switzerland. He has done by it (the book) what he set out to do; he has convinced us, as he will convince all readers, that the time of all others to see the Oberland is the May-time, the time of blossom in orchard and meadow. As a storehouse of fresh thought and anecdote, as an alluring guide-book, and as a brightly interesting personal account, effectively illustrated by the pencil of Mrs. Rawnsley, this is the necessary volume to study before, and pack to go with us on, any visit to the Oberland.

REICH, EMIL.—Foundations of Modern Europe, 5s. net (Bell and Sons)
RUSSELL, G. W. E.—Matthew Arnold. Illustrated. Literary Lives Series. 3s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
SNELL, F. J., M.A.—Early Associations of Archbishop Temple. Illustrated. 6s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
SUMMERS, W. H.—Our Lollard Ancestors, 1s. 6d. (Memorial Hall, E.C.)

There was undoubtedly room for this volume, which comes revealing a history of Lollardy, and its real antiquity unguessed at by many, realised by few. It is, too, the first volume of an important series dealing with the crucial periods of Nonconformity. **Mr. Summers has achieved** a difficult piece of writing, for within the limits of a little handbook, he has gathered the results of research, scholarship, thought, and debate; and no one interested in religious history should neglect his statements and comments.

TOMPKINS, HERBERT W.—Marsh-Country Rambles, 6s. (Chatto)

Mr. Tompkins' pen is as the wand of the Fairy-Queen of Pantomime; he uses it, and the tracks of land we have grown up labelling "flat," "uninteresting," "depressing," become as full of nature-joys and human history, as the mountains and lanes, the coasts and hills of the more generally loved lands—though different. Here in these tracts of flat country are fewer inspiring views of grandeur, but effects of light and mist, wealth of uncommon plants, scenes of the sea and of past heroism, examples of lovely and ancient architecture, and human romance are here in plenty.

TWEEDIE, MRS. ALEC.—Behind the Footlights. Illustrated. 18s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
WHIGHAM, H. J.—Manchuria and Korea, 7s. 6d. ..... (Isbister)
World's History, The. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vol. II. Plates and Maps. 15s. net and 21s. net ..... (Heinemann)
WRIGHT, THOMAS.—The Correspondence of William Cowper. With annotations. 4 Vols. 63s. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

NEW EDITIONS.

AIRY, OSMUND, M.A., LL.D.—Charles II., 6s. 6d. net (Longmans)
BAKER, H. BARTON.—History of the London Stage (1576—1903). Illustrated. 7s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
BUCKLE, HENRY THOMAS.—Introduction to the History of Civilisation in England. New and Revised Edition. With Notes and Introduction by John M. Robertson. 5s. (Routledge)
BUCKLE, THOMAS.—History of Civilization. Vol. III. World's Classics. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
GIBBON, EDWARD.—The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Vol. III. World's Classics. 1s. net (Grant Richards)
MACAULAY'S Lives of Goldsmith and Johnson. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ivor B. John, M.A. 1s. (A. and C. Black)
OWEN, HENRY, D.C.L., F.S.A.—Gerald the Welshman, 3s. 6d. net ..... (David Nutt)
Paston Letters, The. 1422—1509. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by James Gairdner. New Library Edition. Vol. III. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Chatto)
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—The Japs at Home. Illustrated (Newnes)
VILLARI, PROFESSOR PASQUALE.—Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. Translated by Linda Villari. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BRANDIN, LOUIS M., AND W. G. HARTOG.—A Book of French Prosody, 3s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)

Messrs. Brandin and Hartog show real affection for their subject, and have succeeded in making it lucid and quite attractive to scholars. The specimens of French verse of all periods are charming.

DAY, GEORGE, F.R.M.S.—The A B C of Carpentry, 1s. (H. J. Drane)

Should be given to every boy alive, and have its place in every house. Excellent!

Great Masters Portfolio. Part IX. 5s. net ..... (Heinemann)
INGRAM, JOHN K., LL.D.—Practical Morals: A Treatise upon Universal Education. 3s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
LYDE, L. W., M.A.—Asia. Reader V. B. Illustrated. Elementary Geography Reader. 1s. 4d. (A. and C. Black)
RAMSAY, G. G., M.A., LL.D., etc.—The Classics and Popular Education ..... (MacLehose, Glasgow)
SHAW, BERNARD.—The Common Sense of Municipal Trading, 2s. 6d. ..... (Constable)
SMITH, ROBERT H., M.I.M.E.—Table of Multiplication, Division, and Proportion ..... (Constable)

NEW EDITIONS.

LABOULAYE.—Le Château de la Vie. Edited by E. B. le François. 4d. ..... (Blackie)
MOLIERE.—Scenes from "Les Fâcheux." Edited by Mrs. D'Arcy Collyer. 4d. ..... (Blackie)

MISCELLANEOUS.

BACHYE, RABBI.—The Duties of the Heart. Translated, with Introduction, by Edwin Collins ..... (Orient Press)
BRADLEY, HENRY, HON., M.A., OXON., etc.—The Making of English, 4s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

No better man could have set out to perform this task of telling the history of the English language. With all the advantages of high scholarship and deep research, Dr. Bradley combines the lucidity of a real lover of literature, and the charm of the story-teller. He has made his book a fascinating revelation to those ignorant of the inner secrets of philology; at the same time, our own philological instincts are awakened, and we keenly relish the ability to recognise in the everyday words of some intimately known dialects, direct descendants of obsolete words and the common use of words obsolescent in the general language. It is a volume to open the eyes of all who love words.

British Flag, The. ½d. ..... (Mowbray, Oxford)
"DATAS."—Memory, 1s. net ..... (Gale and Polden)
FIRTH, REV. EDWARD HARDING, M.A.—The Increase of the Episcopate in its Pastoral Aspect, 2d. ..... (Mowbray)
FORD, REV. G. ESTWICK.—Gambling: An Analysis, 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
HODGSON, W. EARL.—Trout Fishing, 7s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)
Home Pages. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10. Edited by Helen Brooke Herford. A World Without Worship. Blessed be Drudgery. "Early will I Seek Thee." Yes and No (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)
Jewish Encyclopædia, The. Edited by Isidore Singer. Illustrated. Vol. VI. 25s. net ..... (Funk and Wagnalls)
Literary Year Book, The. 1904. Edited by Henry Gilbert. 5s. net (George Allen)
LYTTELTON, ARTHUR TEMPLE, SOMETIME BISHOP OF SOUTHAMPTON.—Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt, and Paganism, and Other Essays. Memoir by Edward Stuart Talbot. 9s. net ..... (John Murray)
MACDONALD, WILLIAM RAE.—Scottish Armorial Seals. Illustrated. 15s. net ..... (William Green, Edin.)
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART., F.R.S.—British Fresh Water Fishes. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

A GREAT MAN. By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel." [*May.*

WRONG SIDE OUT. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. [*May.*

THE COMMUNE. By PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Translated by FREDERIC LEES. [*Shortly.*

THE MONEY-MAKER. By GEORGES CHNET. Translated by F. ROTHWELL.

THE SANYASI. By F. E. PENNY, Author of "A Mixed Marriage."

WHAT OUGHT SHE TO DO? By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh."

THE PERIL OF AN EMPIRE. By R. JOHNSTON, Author of "The Old Land."

THE POET AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Sir David's Visitors."

RANDAL OF RANDALHOLME. By AUSTIN CLARE, Author of "By the Rise of the River."

Dr. WYNNE'S REVENGE. By WILLIAM WESTALL, Author of "With the Red Eagle."

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

THE PICAROONS: A San Francisco Night's Entertainment. By GELLETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN. [*Apl.* 15th.

V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barfield and of the Crimea. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

PATSEY THE OMADAUN. By M. McD. BODKIN, Author of "Dora Myrl, the Lady Detective."

MANY WAYS OF LOVE. By FRED. WHISHAW. With 8 Illustrations by WARWICK GOBLE and B. SCHUMACHER.

WHITELADIES. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. With 12 Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and HENRY WOODS.

THE ORANGE GIRL. By WALTER BESANT. With 8 Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

THE CAT'S-PAW. By B. M. CROKER, Author of "Diana Barrington." With 12 Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

MARSH-COUNTRY RAMBLES. By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

A CONSPIRACY UNDER THE TERROR. By PAUL GAULOT. Translated by C. LAROCHE, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations and Facsimiles, 6s.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIME. A Dramatic Narrative of Great Events. By E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. With 500 Illustrations. 1000 pages, royal 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 16s. net.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

L. T. MEADE'S NEW NOVEL. Just Published. 6/-

THE LADY CAKE-MAKER.

By **L. T. MEADE**, Author of "That Brilliant Peggy," etc. Illustrated.

"As a sensational fiction writer Mrs. Meade is to-day without a rival. This is excellent work from every point of view."

—BRITISH WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED BY HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

GAY & BIRD'S LIST.

REBECCA is by the foremost American woman of letters, Kate Douglas Wiggin.—*San Francisco Post.*

REBECCA is thoroughly refreshing.—*Punch.*

REBECCA bubbles over with delicate humour and tender pathos. —*Daily Telegraph.*

REBECCA will be read and re-read. Tears and laughter will greet her. —*Glasgow Herald.*

REBECCA is a clever and most attractive story.—*Birmingham Post.*

REBECCA is one of the most attractive children we have ever met in a book.—*Manchester Guardian.*

REBECCA is, indeed, a character to be remembered. . . . From the perusal of such books the reader rises stimulated and refreshed. —*Liverpool Courier.*

REBECCA is a delightful book in every way.—*Western Morning News.*

REBECCA is a story where insight and sympathy, the delicate touch and merry laugh, are blended with true artistry.—*Outlook.*

REBECCA is a charming study of a child, and is contrived with all Mrs. Wiggin's careful workmanship and literary skill. —*Westminster Gazette.*

REBECCA is worthy of all the success she is attaining.—*Daily News.*

REBECCA is the best story Mrs. Wiggin has written, and this is very high praise.—*Bookman.*

REBECCA is now in its 14th thousand, and is still one of the most popular books of the day. Published price 6s.

JUST PUBLISHED Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF POWER.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

This New Volume of Poems contains THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE, MY SHIPS, etc., and will become as popular as her "Poems of Passion" and "Poems of Pleasure."

POEMS OF PASSION. 1s. net. **POEMS OF PLEASURE. 1s.** net.

*** Only authorised and complete editions.

JAPAN. **JAPAN.**

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD says: "The chapters she has penned are delightful."

Demy 8vo, bound in silk, with attractive side design, 12s. 6d. net.

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN.

By ALICE M. BACON.

New Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with 12 Full-page Illustrations in Colour, and 50 Outline Drawings by the distinguished Japanese Artist, KEISHU TAKENOUCHI.

Size 10½ in. by 7½ in., pp. 546, art cloth, gilt top and side, 31s. 6d. net.

STATELY HOMES IN AMERICA.

From Colonial Times to the Present Day.

By HENRY W. DESMOND and HERBERT CROLY.

With 150 Half-tone Plates from Photographs.

*** Among the modern Stately Homes will be found the Town and Country Residences of America's chief millionaires.

LONDON: GAY & BIRD, 22, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

Agency for American Books.

THE ASTOLAT PRESS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, SPRING, 1904.

THE OAKLEAF SERIES

Printed with Rubricated Initials on hand-made paper.

BOOKS FOR CONNOISSEURS AT 1s. NET.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL. By J. R. LOWELL. [*Ready.*

THE STORY OF THE HOLY GRAIL. By SIR T. MALORY. [*Ready.*

Other volumes already issued in this popular series are SONGS (ROBERT BROWNING); ON GARDENS (Two Essays by BACON and COWLEY); FRIENDSHIP (R. W. EMERSON); ST. AGNES' EVE (JOHN KEATS); ELAYNE, THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT (SIR T. MALORY); and SONGS (TENNYSON).

"THE ASTOLAT PRESS is distinguished for handsome type, well-chosen covers, and general daintiness of finish, and these reprints are no exception to the rule."—*Pilot.*

"Beautifully printed and ridiculously cheap."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Distinguished by excellent type and a tasteful unpretentious format."—*Athenæum.*

"Good to handle and good to look upon."—*Academy and Literature.*

"An example of perfection in simple book production."—*Bookman.*

"There are no neater little books before the public than these." —*Daily Telegraph.*

"Very dainty booklets . . . we commend them heartily."—*Guardian.*

"Pleasant to hold and to read."—*The Times.*

TWENTY-ONE ETCHINGS. By CHARLES KEENE. Printed from the original plates by F. GOULDING. Introduction and Notes by M. H. SPIELMANN. Imperial 4to, 140 copies, on Japanese paper, £31 10s. net. Imperial 4to, 10 copies, on Vellum, £52 10s. net. Each copy numbered and signed by Mr. H. KEENE (the artist's brother), and by the Publishers.

The Times describes the portfolio as one which "collectors will treasure by the side of their Mérgons and their Whistlers."

The Spectator says: "To try to describe these works is to realise the futility of the attempt to convey in words the sublimated beauties of such a delicate art as that of etching."

TANGLEWOOD TALES. First Series. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by V. W. BURNAND. Demy 8vo. 3s. net.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Illustrated by V. W. BURNAND. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 5s. net. Also 30 copies on Japanese Vellum, 31s. 6d. net.

THE ASTOLAT PRESS, 34, Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, W.

And to be obtained through all Booksellers.